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The Strange Case of Eleanor Cuyler

BY KINGSLAND CROSBY

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I.

It was in the glaring sunlight of a hot midday in July, at the intersection of Broadway and Forty-fifth street—one of the busiest localities of all New York—that the crime was committed.

For simplicity, effectiveness, and brazen audacity, nothing in the voluminous records of the Metropolitan police has ever equalled this extraordinary tour de force, which was planned, engineered, and carried out with a generalship amounting almost to genius.

If you are permitted to examine the personal diary of the greatest secret service operator of modern times, you may, perhaps, come upon a brief record reading thus:

Cuyler, Eleanor: white, unmarried; 26 years. Medium height, plump rather than slender; hair brown and wavy; eyes dark blue, large, full of vitality; complexion light, creamy, but tanned by sun; high colour. Dimple in cheek near corner of left eye, visible only when speaking or laughing.

Tailor-made suit of brown linen with white embroidered trimming. Light tan Oxford shoes, wide ribbon ties. Golden hat of light straw with bows, etc., of brown and white.

Noticeably erect carriage. No other unusual distinction.

Daughter of Mortimer Cuyler, senior partner banking house Cuyler & Co., Wall Street, New York, and Lombard Street, London.

Crime committed between 12, noon, and 1 o'clock, July 16.

Took charge of case July 21 at request from White House.

If this were merely a story it would not matter much where we should begin, or end. But as it is an effort to unfold for the first time a most curious chapter from real life, about which society of two continents has talked in asides ever since, it is better to proceed chronologically, and in an orderly manner, going forward step by step, page by page, until the denital is concluded. Wherefore we will begin, at about 12:15 o'clock, that 16th of July noonday, when Eleanor Cuyler, and her aunt, Mrs. Hazard, were walking slowly through Fifty-fifth street toward Seventh avenue. They had just come from Winthrop's studio where Eleanor had given a final sitting for her portrait, and glad were they that more sittings would not be required, now that the usual burst of midsummer heat had suddenly taken possession of the great city.

"As I was saying," Mrs. Hazard remarked, trying to keep within the belt of shadow cast by the monotonous row of dwellings flanking the sidewalk, "as I was saying, all I have to do is to go uptown, take a rapid glance through the house, and then meet you at the ferry in time for the two-thirty train."

"Does Hawkins know you're coming to the house?" Eleanor inquired, tilting her white parasol a bit further.

"Yes, I telephoned her, so she'll probably have luncheon ready for me."

"I'm not hungry—if I am I can stop in somewhere on Twenty-third street—. My! I'm glad that old portrait is done, so far as I am concerned."

Mrs. Hazard smiled indulgently.

"Mark my words," she said in reply, "that is a finer portrait than you think. Sheldon Winthrop is going to win, as a painter, and I'm not sure but your picture will help him a long step toward success.'

"Oh, he's a nice boy!" Eleanor asserted, with an impatient little flirt of her parasol, "but he's some distance yet from the 'R. A.' hall-mark."

By this time the two ladies had reached the corner of Seventh avenue. A surface-car, bound downtown, clanged and whirred toward them.

"If you hurry a little you can catch it," Mrs. Hazard suggested. "Don't forget the two-thirty boat!"

"If I'm there," the girl called over her shoulder, "don't wait for me as I may take a notion to run out and spend the night with Sallie!"

"All right!" Mrs Hazard replied.

She stood still for a moment watching her niece step aboard the car, and waved her a little farewell as she entered the huge, yellow vehicle, which lunged forward on its way down town.

At that moment—in broad daylight, from one of the busiest spots of all New York—Elednor Cuyler, daughter of a noted financier, herself well known and beloved by society, vanished as completely as if she had been carried from earth to sky by supernatural agency.

II.

The foregoing events, which we have endeavored to record with complete exactness, happened on Monday, July 16.

Eleanor's father had spent the preceding Saturday and Sunday at his summer place, according to his usual custom, which was well known; as was also the further fact that this year he was spending the rest of the week in town, working all day at his office, and sitting up late at night with railroad presidents, and so-called "coal barons," and labor leaders, in an effort to prevent a threatened strike of anthracite miners which would seriously affect the November elections.

Ever since the death of Cuyler's wife, years previous, his sister, Mrs. Hazard, had presided over his several homes, and had tried as best she might to be a mother to his motherless only child. Under her love and care and sympathetic oversight, the girl had grown to be a charming, accomplished young woman, who had won the best of smart society here and abroad, who had explored the Spanish coached through Norway, Sweden, and hunted in Canadian wilds, and had managed to escape the idea that she had a "mission" in life. Once, when home for a vacation in her junior year, she told her father that she sometimes thought she ought to devote her time and talents and fortune to working among the very poor in an East Side settlement; and old Mortimer Cuyler came mightily near taking her out of college on the moment. But he didn't—he recognized in this desire a germ of modern collegiate existence which attacks almost every spmpathetic girl student.

"Your mission in life, my dear," he said, when he had swallowed a lump of instant wrath, "is simply to live, and be joyous and happy. Five years from now, if you want to, you can speak to me again about a home-missionary career. . . . Not before then."

Eleanor had subsided. Only two or three of the five years had passed, but the germ had died. And she had lived, at home and abroad, happy, light-hearted, always welcomed everywhere, and so great a favorite that she was as much in demand for week-end visits as if she were an eligible bachelor. She went away so often for a few days that Mrs. Hazard thought nothing of it when the girl failed to meet her at the ferry.

"She has decided to go up the Hudson and visit Sallie, after all," she said to herself, knowing that a telephone one to the town house would bring a maid and sufficient clothing to Eleanor wherever she might be.

The railroad journey across Long Island was as hot and dusty and uncomfortable as it always is in summer, and right glad was Mrs. Hazard to leave the train and step into a waiting carriage, which rapidly spun over three miles or so to the cool, shady entrance of her brother's place.

At 4 o'clock she telephoned Cuyler's office to ascertain whether by any chance he were coming out to dine and spend the night. John Johnson, Cuyler's secretary, at the other end of the wire, replied in the negative: Mr. Cuyler was spending the night on board his yacht, Norseman, cruising in the Sound. Three or four other gentlemen were to be with him in an important conference, for which reason Mrs. Hazard would please regard the matter as extremely confidential.

Few financiers of prominence would trust the women of their families with such information. Cuyler, however, knew and appreciated his sister's calibre of discretion.

Mrs. Hazard rang off, and sat down in a cool corner of the great veranda, with a half-sigh. It was all wrong, she felt, rather than thought connectedly. If Mortimer had only been content to stay up in the little New England town where they were born and where he had lived until out of college, he would have been a much happier man—and perhaps a more useful man. He never would have succeeded his father as principal of the academy, but if his energies had only been divided between home-making, and business, and local improvements, it would have been much better. They would have enjoyed a quiet, serene, companionable life, and he would now be willing to retire, with an income of a few thousands. Eleanor would be happily married to some industrious, substantial young man, and would be making a home of her own; whereas—Mrs. Hazard's eye caught headlines of heavy type in a newspaper on the table. She picked up the sheet and read two articles side by side about her brother. One told how he had just sent a check for three millions to found an institution for bacteriological research, the other—occupying half a page—was devoted to Cuyler's work of the moment in trying to bring "coal barons" and labor leaders together so as to avoid a strike which might impoverish tens of thousands of people, and bring suffering to hundreds of thousands more during the next winter.

Like a sensible woman Mrs Hazard put down the newspaper, ceased the impossible task of trying to fathom the incomprehensible lawse of nature which single out some men for incessant herculean work, and went to her room to rest until it should be time to dress for dinner.

That evening passed, and Tuesday, and Tuesday night, with no word from Eleanor. This in itself was not strange, but the hot weather, and the thought of that possible other life in a quite Vermont village, made her nervous. So quite early on Wednesday she telephoned Sallie Hamilton, over on the Hudson, and learned that Eleanor had not been there for a month.

The news shocked her momentarily. Then she decided that Eleanor was making a visit elsewhere, and rang up Cuyler's town house to ascertain whether the girl had sent for a maid and an outfit sufficient to last for a few days.

Hawkins, the housekeeper, replied that no word had been received from Miss Cuyler; and then it was Mrs. Hazard called for her brother's office.

In five minutes she had Mortinier Cuyler on the wire, and told him that she could get no word of Eleanor.

In five minutes more he had given her explicit instructions to ring up, one after the other, every friend Eleanor had, whom she might possibly visit, on the New Jersey coast, along the Hudson, and in Westchester County, adding finally that Mrs. Hazard was to telephone him again as soon as this was done.

Then Cuyler spoke rapidly to Johnson, and the secretary hurriedly left the banking house on an errand that took him to every police station and hospital in the great, sullen, cruel city—and finally to the morgue.

III.

The express which had pulled out of Jersey City at midnight slowly panted its way into the dingy station at Washington, Saturday morning, and came to a stop more than an hour late. The first person to leave the train was a tall, broad-shouldered, thickset man, somewhat past middle age, who swung from the forward steps of the first Pullman before the wheels had fairly ceased moving, and made his way through the train-shed with long, rapid strides.

His whole being was the personification of power, decision, force—mental as well as physical. He stepped lightly, but each footstep seemed to command. One hand, bronzed and shaded by dark hairs, gripped a small satchel; the other carried a tightly rolled umbrella. Shoes of light tan, gray trousers and sack-coat, white pique waistcoat, dark blue four-in-hand tie bearing a stickpin with a single pearl, were features of his costume. A straw hat with generous brim was pulled slightly forward, shielding from the glare of the hot July morning a pair of gray eyes; wonderful eyes, deep-set, piercing, gleaming, unyielding, before which men quailed, and hesitated, and became silent. Usually steady, direct, uncompromising, those eyes today were restless, anxious—as well they might be; for Mortimer Cuyler had passed three sleepless nights, and practically two days of ceaseless apprehension.

As he strode into the station and through it toward the street, those whom he met (the few passengers, the usual riff-raff of negro hangers-in, and the railway employes), instinctively fell back, making way far him. A minute later he stepped into a ramshackle cab and spoke two words.

"Beecham, quick!"

The driver sprang to his perch, seized the reins, and the whip whistled through the air as his astonished horse whirled around and started off. Into Pennsylvania avenue the cab turned, and dashed over its smooth, hot asphalt, passing cable-cars jammed with government clerks on their way to work, swaying to avoid running down careless, easy-going pedestrians, barely skimming the bicycles of messenger boys, avoiding collision with wagons by a hair's breadth. Around another corner to the right, up a steep incline, another turn to the left and the panting, sweating horse was pulled back on his haunches before the hotel.

It was the slowest month of the slowest season in the year. Official Washington, diplomatic Washington, social Washington, had shut up shop weeks previous, and had fled to the Adirondacks, to Maine, to Newport, to the Great Lakes, to Europe—anywhere to escape the enervating, life-sapping heat of the National capital. The President alone had remained longer than usual, conscientiously insistent upon disposing of laborious details connected with the executive office. Consequently the hotel corridors were empty, and before the momentary commotion made by the cab's arrival had subsided a porter and a bellboy were hurrying down the steps. Cuyler tossed his cabman half-a-dollar, let go of his satchel and umbrella—which were caught respectively by the porter and the bellboy before they touched the pavement—and entered the dim, cool, airy corridor.

The room-clerk on duty in the office recognized him before he was fairly off the street, and spoke to the manager, who quickly stepped around in front to meet and greet this distinguished patron. The clerk forbore to get pen and ink ready for use. Cuyler seldom registered. The manager, smiling cordially, began to welcome, but was cut short.

"Any message for me?" the banker demanded.

"Yes, sir—a long-distance telephone. Here it is, I took it off the wire myself. From your office at eight-thirty this morning, sent by Johnson—your secretary, isn't he?"

Cuyler did not take the trouble to reply. He grasped the bit of paper from the hotel man's fingers and silently read the message thereon: "Not a clue as yet. Johnson."

"Anything else?"

"No, sir—nothing."

"I'l go to my room," said Cuyler, stepping toward the elevator. Then without pausing, he added, "Have breakfast ready in twenty-five minutes—cantaloupe, poached eggs, coffee, hot corn-bread * * * And all the New York papers," he concluded, as the car shot up the shaft.

"Very good, sir," the hotel man replied, his voice floating up after the car.

Mortimer Cuyler, refreshed by a quick shower, came down again on the minute and walked into the cafe below the street level. His breakfast was ready. Two men had been detailed to look after his wants, known, unknown; probable, possible, impossible. The cantaloupe, ice-cold and faintly fragrant, lay before him. Out in the kitchens a chef was poaching eggs every three minutes, so that when called for, two of them would be exactly ready for serving—not overcooked by so much as a second. One serving-man stood a yard from the banker's shoulder; the other as far distant in a different direction. Neither looked at him or at each other; but their nerves were strained to anticipate his every wish.

The newly-arrived guest tasted of the melon, then picked up the New York morning newspapers which lay close by and rapidly scanned the headlines, discarding one after another as he failed to find that for which he was looking. He had just finished close study of the Herald's "Personal" column when a bellboy trotted down from the office and into the cafe, followed leisurely by a dignified, elderly man—white hair and moustache, linen suit, low shoes—who carried a sealed envelope in one hand, his straw hat in the other.

"Mr. Cuyler, sir?' the bellboy inquired, with deep respect, and as the banker looked up he added, "A White House Messenger, sir."

Cuyler took the envelope and drew from it a sheet of paper bearing the simple blue lettering of White House stationery. The note had been written but a few minutes previous, and read as follows:

Dear Mr. Cuyler:

The President duly received your telegram of last evening, saying you would arrive in Washington early today. The President directs me to say that he would be very glad indeed to see you in the Executive Mansion, and suggests that you call before eleven o'clock, rather than later, if the time mentioned suits your convenience.

Very truly yours,

LEIGH ALBERTS,
Secretary to the President.

Cuyler glanced at his watch.

"Tell the messenger there is no reply," he said to the bellboy, rising from his chair and laying aside his napkin.

"Are you ready for the coffee and eggs, sir?" a waiter inquired.

"I've had enough," the guest answered, stepping across the cafe and into a writing-room, where a public telephone station.

The young woman at the switch-board did not trouble herself to look up from the novel she was reading as Cuyler approached.

"What number?" she said languidly, turning over a page.

"Six Thousand, Main."

The operator awoke with a start.

"Main, Six Thousand!" she called into the transmitter.

Eight seconds flashed by.

"Booth Number Two!" she added quickly. "The White House is on the wire!"

The connection was practically instantaneous, as it always is with the White House, which, with its sixty telegraph wires and half that number of telephone cables, takes precedence over everything else in despatch of messages.

Cuyler entered the booth and picked up the receiver.

"Mr. Alberts?" he inquired. "Yes. This is Mr. Cuyler. Your note is just at hand. Tell the President I'll be over in fifteen minutes. * * * Thank you. * * * Good-by."

There had been a heavy shower before daybreak, of that morning, but already every drop had disappeared from the baking asphalt and brick pavements. The few persons whom Cuyler met, as he strode along the streets, were walking slowly; and the gardeners in the public grounds were leisurely going about their work. But he kept up his rapid gait, and in a few minutes reached his destination.

Passing through the White House grounds and arriving at the historic building itself, Cuyler mounted the steps leading to the floor whereon were situated the executive offices and the living rooms of the president's family.

At the head of the stairway stood the president's doorkeeper, guarding the entrance to the cabinet room, and he saluted the financier, recognizing him at a glance.

"Would you be so kind as to step into the secretary's office?" the doorkeeper said. "The president is engaged just now."

"Certainly," Cuyler replied, mounting two steps to the left, and passing along a corridor. On one side of the passageway were rooms filled with clerks and accountants; on the other the large, square office of the president's secretary, and beyond this the narrow, noisy, busy telegraph room.

When the banker stepped into the office of Mr. Alberts he found half a dozen men, and a few women there ahead of him, all hoping to have an interview with the president; some had definite reason for seeing the chief executive, but the majority were merely "handshakers." One man, who looked like an up-state political leader, was standing close to the president's secretary, in the center of the room, talking in low, earnest tones. The other visitors were seated here and there; and all apepared to beinterested as Alberts quickly stepped forward to greet the new arrival; for they recognized the banker's shoulders, and heavy jaws, and those piercing eyes.

"Can you wait a few moments, Mr. Cuyler?" the secretary inquired. "The president is engaged, but I will tell him you are here."

"Certainly—kindly request him not to put anything aside. I would prefer to wait, as my call may take half an hour."

"Very good, sir," Alberts responded, turning and walking through another door at the end of his office.

Two men were chatting in undertone by a window as Cuyler sat down, and a veteran of the civil war, with one leg gone, nudged the white-haired little woman by his side, as they, too, saw who the newcomer was. The prosperous-looking men by the window exchanged swift glances—each noted instantly Cuyler's haggard face—and their minds flew to Wall street.

What was going to happen?

What had brought to the White House, in the hottest weather of the year, one of the great bankers of the world?

Could it be possible that another issue of government bonds was imminent? There had been hints of such a contingency, and Cuyler was the one man in the country to whom the President would turn in an emergency of the kind. Or were American investments in some out-of-the-way corner of the world suddenly imperilled? Surely something was up—something serious, judging from the circles under Cuyler's eyes, and the deep lines about his mouth.

A door near one corner of the room was suddenly opened, and a well known representative came out, closely followed by the President, who bowed to those present, and extended his hand to the last arrival, saying:

"Mr. Cuyler—good morning. I'm glad to see you——"

The door closed again as he and the banker disappeared in the cabinet room, which the President then used as his office. This morning, however, the nation's chief executive did not pause there, but led the way into the circular library, just beyond, where he and his visitor seated themselves.

"Im glad to see you" the President repeated cordially.

"I'm glad to be here, Mr. President," said Cuyler. "I want your help in an important matter—in a most important matter."

The President always was dignified, and now he became grave, serious. His eyes did not lose their habitual calm, but sprang alight with eagerness to assist a political supporter, an old personal friend.

"For years, Mr. Cuyler," he said earnestly, "you have been a bulwark of strength to me, an unfailing inspiration—a practical believer in our people and in our country. Everything I have, all I can command," he added gently, "is at your service,"

After a moment's silence the other looked up from the paper knife his fingers had been nervously balancing.

"I have had more blows in the face than the world will ever guess, Mr. President. But this time it is a stab to the very heart * * * Eleanor disappeared on Monday, and I can get no trace of her.

"Your daughter!" the President ejaculated, leaning forward on the desk.

The other bowed. "She disappeared Monday, about noon. This is Saturday. She has vanished—blotted out as if she had never been."

The President turned slightly and glanced through the window. He could not bear to see those anxious eyes, and the suggestion of trembling about the masterful chin.

"What has been done? What can be done? What do you suspect?" he said.

"You don't mind my walking aroun a bit?" Cuyler inquired, half rising from his chair. "I had a tiresome journey down here—"

"By all means stroll around! A frequent habit of my own. Often, when feeling a little cramped, I pace up and down here—it's not a bad idea."

"To reply to your question, Mr. President, my daughter, accompanied by her aunt, Mrs. Hazard, went to the studio of a painter named Winthrop, Monday morning, to give him a final sitting for her portrait. The studio is in Fifty-fifth street near Seventh avenue. Mrs. Hazard, you know, has chaperoned Eleanor since my wife died."

The President bowed gravely, and the banker went on: "They left the studio shortly before noon, and Mrs. Hazard started for my town house to do an errand, after agreeing to meet Eleanor at the Long Island ferry in time for the two-thirty train. Eleanor boarded a surface car to do some shopping in Twenty-third street. As she did so Mrs. Hazard waved her good-bye, and she returned the salute."

Cuyler paused in his walk and for a moment gazed absently at the great globe of the world, which stood to the right of the President's desk, in front of a case of reference-books, and near the door leading into the cabinet room.

"Since that moment," the father continued with an effort, "I can get no trace of her. * * * If you should ask me, sir, to point out on this globe the spot where my only child is now living, if indeed she be alive, I could not tell you."

The sinking of the banker's voice to a husky whisper acted as a sudden stimulant to action! as a bugle-call to the great, sympathetic heart across the romo which had longed so deeply, so many years, for a child of its own to father, and love, and rejoice in.

The president rose from his chair, quiet as ever, calm, reserved, but tingling in every fibre of his being. "Mr. Cuyler," he said, his low voice fairly ringing with decision, "we will find your daughter! You may rest assured of that. Unless some accident has unhappily befallen, she will be restored to you alive and well."

"There has been no accident, sir. When she failed to meet Mrs. Hazard at the ferry it was supposed she would go to my country place by a later train. I spent Monday night and Tuesday night in town. Wednesday morning Mrs. Hazard telephoned me of Eleanor's nonappearance. I requested her to telephone several friends in New Jersey, and up the Hudson and in Westchester county, thinking possibly the girl had suddenly changed her plans and forgot to tell her aunt. This Mrs. Hazard did, and notified me late Wednesday afternon of her failure to get a trace of Eleanor."

(To be Continued.)

NEWS OF HEAVENS DURING MONTH OF SEPTEMBER

Two New Comets Appear, One Coming at the Rate of Eleven Miles a Second —Return of the Planet Saturn.

By Prof. Eric Doolittle.

THE evening sky is now filled with the beautiful autumn constellations. The wonderful summer branch of the Milky Way forms a golden arch which passes from the south to the north, exactly through the highest point of the heavens, while Hercules, the Driver and the delicate Northern Crown cover the sky in the west. As the striking summer group of stars known as the Scorpion sinks in the southwest the beautiful reddish royal star, Fomalhaut, emerges from the ground in the east. The slowly turning sphere has again brought the great Andromeda, with its wonderful nebula, high up in the heavens. The faint group known as the Ram has again appeared in the east, but not until next month will the Bull, the first of the bright winter groups, enter the evening sky.

But the most striking features of the heavens during this month are doubtless the return of the wonderful ringed planet, Saturn, and the unexpected appearance of two interesting comets, which have drawn near us from the depths of space.

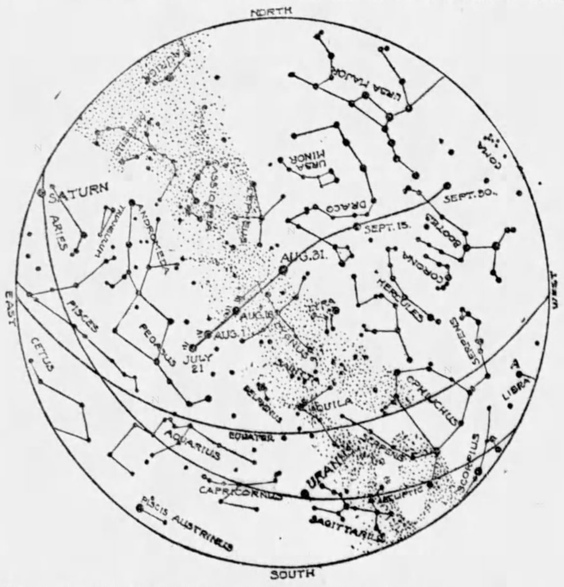

Figure 1. The Constellations at 9 p. m., September 1.

(If facing south hold the map upright. If facing east hold "East" below; if facing west hold "West" below. If facing north the map inverted.)

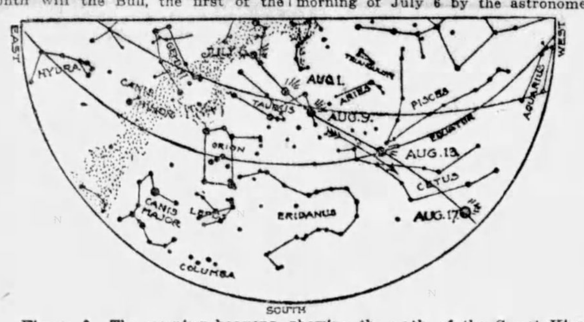

Figure 2. The morning heavens, showing the path of the Comet Kiess.

The Comet That Appeared in the Morning Sky.

Two of the strange visitors known as comets have recently swept in toward our sun, and both of them, as they steadily journey along in their paths, are still quite near our earth. By comparing figures 3 and 4 the reader will readily see that though these two comets happened to draw near our sun and so to become visible in our skies at the same time, they have really no connection with each other. They come from widely different portions of space, and after swinging around our sun will draw away from us in almost exactly opposite directions.

The first of these comets to be discovered was a most interesting one, both on account of its very rapid motion over the sky and because of its unusual brightness. In fact, when it first appeared in the morning sky it was so bright that it was found independently by several different observers, each of whom was credited with its discovery in the newspapers. It now appears that it was first seen on a photographic plate taken at the Lick Observatory in California on the morning of July 6 by the astronomer C. C. Kiess, and the comet will therefore hereafter be known by his name.

The closed curve of Figure 3 represents the path of the earth about the sun, while the large open curve shows the path pursued by the comet. The visitor swept in toward our system along the path XA and passing above the plane of the earth's orbit reached the point A, which was its nearest approach to the sun, on June 30. At this time the sun and the comet were nearly 64,000,000 miles apart. It will be noticed that while near the highest part of its path the comet was moving almost directly toward the earth, and this was probably the origin of a report that we were to suffer a collision from this visitor, an event which, in any case, when we consider the enormous distances that lie between our earth and even the other nearby worlds of our solar system, is almost infinitely unlikely to occur.

From Figure 3 it is evident that as seen from the earth the comet must have appeared to move rapidly downward and toward the right over the sky from the time of its first discovery. The path which it apparently pursued among the stars while it remained in the northern heavens is shown in Figure 2. Even early in August it could be seen with a pair of opera glasses, though with some difficulty. As it and the earth drew nearer together it grew brighter, until it finally became visible to the naked eye. It has now unfortunately passed so far below the plane of the earth's orbit that it is shining far down among the southern constellations and will never be seen by us again.

The Comet of the Evening Sky.

The other comet was discovered on July 21 by Dr. W. R. Brooks of Geneva, N. Y. This comet had already passed high above the plane of the earth's orbit when it was first seen, and, as is evident from Figure 4, it will contaiunally move higher in the sky and toward the right as seen from the earth during this and the following months. It will therefore remain in excellent position for observation in the early evening, with a moderately large telescope, although it will probably at no time become so bright as the comet Kiess was during August.

As will be seen from Figure 4, the earth is at present overtaking and hence drawing nearer the comet. On September 1 the two bodies will be

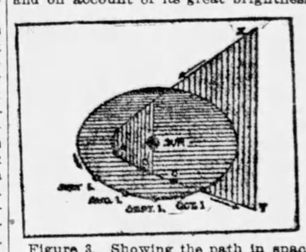

Figure 3. Showing the path in space of Comet Kiess. (1911 b).

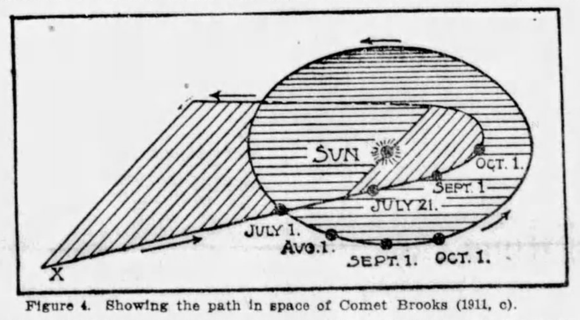

Figure 4. Showing the path in space of Comet Brooks (1911, c).

that of the comet Kiess. The path of the former comet is shown on Figure 1.

Every comet is thought to be a great swarm, or cloud, composed of meteoric particles, various gases, cosmic dust and matter in a radiant condition. This cloud, drifting through space at a wonderfully great distance away from our system, began, ages ago, to feel the pull of our sun and to drift toward that body. Had the cloud and the sun both been at rest when the motion began the comet would of course have fallen directly on to the sun. But as both were in motion, the latter with a speed of 11 miles a second, the chance of this ever happening is almost infinitely small. Instead, the comet will miss our sun and swing around it, as shown in Figures 3 and 4, finally receding into the depths of space, never to be seen by us again.

The Planets in September.

The beautiful planet Venus, which shone so brightly in the western sky for many months, is now just passing into the morning heavens. On September 1 it sets almost exactly due west about 40 minutes after sunset, but 52,000,000 miles apart, and the comet will then appear to us eight times as bright as at the time of its discovery. At no time will this comet approach so close to us as the comet Kiess did, for on August 17 the latter comet was only 19,000,000 miles away from the earth. The apparent daily motion of the comet Brooks over the sky is therefore very much less than and on account of its great brightness may be detected very near the ground in the twilight glow just after sunset. In a telescope it will then be seen as a wonderfully narrow, silvery crescent. On September 15 it will pass to the west of the sun and become a morning star.

The bright planet Jupiter has now been moved just beyond the borders of our chart, but this may still be seen low in the southwest in the very early evening. It is now near the lower star of the pair of stars known as the Balances, the upper star of this pair being shown at A, Figure 1. The planet is moving slowly eastward and downward, and will pass to the east of this star on September 24. At this time the two bright objects will be but one-half a degree apart. The decidedly greenish star with the golden Jupiter nearby will form a beautiful figure in a small telescope.

The wonderfully interesting Saturn, with its remarkable rings and 10 little moons, is just entering the evening sky this month, and will remain with us as perhaps the most striking and interesting object of all throughout the winter.

The planet Mars is a short distance east of Saturn, and on September 1 may be seen rising half an hour after Saturn has risen at a point of the horizon a very short distance north of the point at which Saturn rose. By the end of the month this interval is increased to one hour and ten minutes by the rapid eastward motion of Mars among the stars. By midnight both of these planets are high in the eastern heavens, in excellent position for observation.

The faint, distant Uranus is moving slowly westward and southward in the constellation Sagittarius, in the position shown in Figure 1.

ASHTON KIRK INVESTIGATOR

By JOHN T. McINTYRE

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CHAPTER XXI.

Ashton-Kirk Begins to Plan.

As Ashton-Kirk and Pendleton left the "Rangnow," the latter said:

"You surely do not suppose that Morris will call on you?"

"Why not?"

"It does not sound reasonable."

"A day or two ago I would have said the same. But things are taking on a different aspect. And with their change Morris will change. He had no idea of what was to come, or he would not have done what he has done."

"No criminal would," said Pendleton."

Ashton-Kirk shrugged his shoulders at this, but made no direct reply.

"And now if these newspapers, with all their pointed references to Edyth Vale, do not make the man come forward," he went on, "what is about to happen—say within the next forty-eight hours—will be sure to do so."

Pendleton turned a surprised look upon him.

"You think, then, that something unusual is about to happen?"

"I know there is," was the quiet reply. "Tonight, old chap, has been most prolific in results. It has indicated why the murder was done; it has suggested the identity of the actual murderer; it has even pointed out the spot upon which we shall finally take him."

"You really mean all that?" cried Pendleton, incredulously.

"I do."

"Then you must have learned it at some time while I was not—" here Pendleton paused, and then proceeded in another tone. "But you have not been out of my sight since dinner. Everything you have heard I have heard; all that you have seen, I have seen."

"Just so," said Ashton-Kirk.

There was a pause; they walked along toward the place where they were to get a street car. At length Pendleton spoke once more.

"And from the rather bald reports of your two assistants, and the talk of this man Tobin, you have gathered these most vital facts?"

"We can hardly call them facts as yet," said the other; "but I have every confidence that we can do so within the time specified."

A gong sounded sharply and a car crossed the street. Pendleton placed his hand upon his friend's shoulder.

"Kirk," said he, "I am not going to ask another question. I'm just going to wait, and if it turns out as you say, I'll never question a statement of yours as long as I live. I'll swallow them all as the Mussulman swallows the Koran."

They boarded the car and Ashton-Kirk settled himself in a corner. His arms were folded across his chest, his head gradually sank forward. To all appearances he was asleep; but Pendleton knew that he was merly turning over some plan of action that would, in a little time, begin to reveal itself.

However, he was not prepared for such quick action as resulted; for suddenly Ashton-Kirk jumped up, glanced out of the car window, then darted to the platform and leaped off. Pendleton followed at once, and cameup with him part way down an intersecting street.

"Where to now?" he asked.

"City Hall," replied Ashton-Kirk, briefly.

It was no great distance to the municipal building; they shot up in the elevator and entered the police department.

"I'd like to see Superintendent Weagle," said the investigator to the officer who came forward to speak to them.

"He's just getting ready to go home," answered the man, "but I'll see what I can do."

The superintendent of police, happened to be in an obliging humor, and they were shown into his office a few moments later. Weagle stood in the middle of the floor, drawing on a light overcoat; the end of a black cigar was clenched between his teeth.

"How are you?" greeted he. "Anything doing in my line?"

"Not just yet," replied Ashton-Kirk, "but I have some hopes."

The official laughed

"We all have them," said he. "If we didn't we might as well put up the shutters." He threw the cigar end away and wiped his stubby moustache with a large handkerchief. "You've come for something," said he. "What is it? My wife and kiddies are expecting me, and I must get home."

"How long are you going to maintain the police guard at 478 Christie Place?" inquired the investigator.

"I hadn't thought of it," replied the superintendent. "However, we are in the habit of keeping such details up for some little time. Another thing, there is a lot of valuable stuff there which must be looked after."

"Beginning with tomorrow night," said Ashton-Kirk, "I want you to withdraw your men. And further, I want your permission for my friend Mr. Pendleton and myself to watch in their place."

The official opened his eyes at this.

"Well," said he, after a moment's silence, "I don't just understand your reasons; and the thing is most unusual. But," and he nodded his head approvingly, "I've always noticed that you have reasons behind everything you do, and if this thing is expected to throw any further light on the Hume case, why, it shall be as you say."

"Thank you," said Ashton-Kirk. "Unless I am much mistaken it will close the matter finally as far as your department is concerned, and put the

whole thing up to the district attorney."

"You mean," said the superintendent with interest, "that you've got something new on Spatola—and perhaps on Morris and the girl?"

"I mean," answered Ashton-Kirk, "that I hope to place the murderers of the numismatic Hume in your hands in a few days—whoever they may be."

Weagle waved his hand.

"That's all we want," said he with a laugh. "Give us the right ones and we'll make no complaint. And now, if you have nothing more to say, I'll say good night."

They parted with the superintendent in the corridor; then Ashton-Kirk led the way into a room where some police officials and a number of young men were lounging about.

"Oh, how are you?" greeted a stout sergeant, affably. "And how's the work?"

While the investigator was speaking to the sergeant, one of the alert-looking young men approached.

"Pardon," said he. "But is there anything you'd like to say to the Star?"

"No," replied Ashton-Kirk.

"You are working on the Hume case, are you not?" asked the reporter with professional insistence.

"Oh, I have had a little interest in it as an outsider, that is all," returned the other. "However," as he was passing through with Pendleton, "I can give you a piece of official police news on the case, which I just got from the superintendent. After tonight the guard will be removed from Hume's place. Weagle thinks the regular policeman on the beat is all that is needed from now on."

As they left the building by the main door, Pendleton said:

"A little while ago, I rashly promised to ask no more questions. If you'll release me from that, I'll unburden myself of one or two which will otherwise keep me awake tonight."

"Go ahead," said Ashton-Kirk with a smile.

"Why," asked Pendleton, "do you want the police called off at Hume's? and why should we place ourselves on watch instead?"

"At the very first we made up our minds that the men who murdered Hume were in search of something, didn't we? Up to this time I have been unable to say whether they had succeeded or not. Now, however, I am convinced that they failed."

"Ah!"

"Tomorrow the newspapers will announce that Hume's place is to be no longer guarded. It may be that the criminals are desperate enough to venture another visit in order to gain possession of the thing they covet. If they do, we shall be awaiting them."

"But how do you know that they failed of their object on the night of the murder?"

"You and I," said Ashton-Kirk, laughingly, "are perhaps going to spend considerable time in Christie Place, beginning with tomorrow evening. And while there we may find it dull enough, old boy; a little amusement of a practical sort might not be found out of place. So I'll not answer your question now; I'll allow it to stand until tomorrow night; and then I'll give it to you, compact and complete, with practical illustrations as I go along."

CHAPTER XXII.

Asthon-Kirk Is Annoyed.

On the following day, at about noon, Ashton-Kirk's big French car glided up to the curb before the Vale house. A man with a thick neck and a small head nodded to the investigator; another waved a hand from across the street.

"Plain-clothes men," he murmered, "and at watch upon the house. That means that this matter can be brought to an end none too soon for Miss Vale's comfort."

He was getting out of his car when a brace of eager reporters accosted him.

"The Standard would like to have you say a few words for publication," said one.

"The Herald will give you what space you require for statement at any time you see fit to make use of it," declared the other.

"I'm very sorry," said Ashton-Kirk, brushing a speck from an immaculate sleeve, "but I have nothing to say that would interest your city editors, or the public. I have no doubt but that the police officials will be glad to acquaint you with anything new that has transpired—if there has been anything new."

The newspaper men pulled wry faces.

"The police hang onto the Italian musician and profess to think he's the guilty party," said one. "If they have taken any steps beyond this, before today, we have not known it."

"Why have the detectives been placed to watch Miss Vale's house?" asked the other. "And what has Osborne gone in to talk about?"

"Ah," said Ashton-Kirk, with interest, "Osborne is within, is he?"

"Yes; and why are you going in? What has been learned regarding Miss Vale's connection with the case that has not already been made public?"

"I would hardly undertake to answer that last," laughed Ashton-Kirk. "So much has been made public in one way and another that I haven't been able to keep track of it all. My own visit is merely a friendly call. Why Mr. Osborne is here, I of course, cannot say."

Leaving the newspaper men disappointed and dissatisfied, the investigator rang the bell and was admitted. In the hall, pulling on his gloves, was Osborne.

"Hello!" exclaimed the latter. "So you thought you'd have a try, too, eh?"

The big man's tone showed that he was none too well pleased with his own visit; he jerked at his gloves viciously, and his brow was creased with vexation. And seeing that the other was disposed to do nothing more than nod, he went on::

"Well, you'll have a lot better duck than I've had, to have any at all. Miss Vale, it seems, is a young lady who knows very well how to say nothing. I've been here something like an hour and have put her through a regular third degree; but I've had my labor for my pains, as the saying is. She told me nothing except her opinion of the newspapers and the police."

"Miss Vale will see you, sir," said the man servant, returning.

"And so you've given it up?" queried the investigator of Osborne.

The big headquarters man shrugged his shoulders.

"Hardly," said he. "I've set a time on the thing. We scarcely like to go to extremes, as you perhaps know; unless a clean breast of the matter is made, as far as the party knows,'" modifying his language because of the listening servant, "the same party will know what the inside of a cell is like by this time tomorrow."

"You really mean to make an arrest?"

"If we are fo rced to—yes."

Ashton-Kirk followed him to the door:

"Extend the time limit," suggested he. "Make it the day after tomorrow, and," elevating his brows, "I don't think that you'll need to do anything unpleasant."

"Ah," said Osborne, "you're onto something!" He regarded the other questioningly for a moment, then broke into a grin. "No use to ask what it is, I suppose? I thought not. Well," reflectively, and in a lowered tone, "it won't do any harm to oblige you, if the front office is willing. The party can't make a move that we won't know about; and the fact is, I've just advised that no going out of any kind be ventured on. So long and good luck."

The door closed behind Osborne, and then Ashton-Kirk followed the soft-footed servant down the hall, up the stairs and into the presence of Edyth Vale.

The girl received him smilingly.

"I'm getting to be a regular occurrence," said he, as he sat down.

"But a welcome one, nevertheless," she returned. "Indeed, if it were not for certain other depressing circumstances, I'd find your visits dreadfully exciting."

"I suppose Osborne is one of the circumstances referred to. I just met him in the hall, and he seemed to be quite in a state of mind. What have you been saying to him?—or rather," smiling, "what have you not been saying to him?"

"He came on what he calls 'police business,'" smiled Miss Vale. "I considered it quite an alarming expression, and said so, but that made no impression on him, for he proceeded with a string of wonderfully conceived questions that must have covered my life from birth to the present time."

"The police have about the same method for each case—a sort of bullying insistence that breaks down denial by sheer weight."

"I have read of it, frequently, in complaining articles in both magazines and newspapers. I think I have even seen it very earnestly compared to the Inquisition." The smile was still upon the girl's lips, but as she continued, her voice shook a little. "However, I never thought to go through even a part of it myself."

"What the police say may be embarrassing and mortifying," said Ashton-Kirk gravely, "but it is nothing at all, compared with what they might do."

Miss Vale drew in her breath in a little gasp of terror; but she made an effort to conceal it with a laugh.

"I know what you mean," she said, lightly. "You think that they might go so far as to take me into custody as an accessory to the crime, or even as the actual criminal."

"Mr. Osborne told me that such was their intention, if you do not explain clearly your connection with the case. I don't think that the department is at all anxious to draw you into the matter; but some of the newspapers, as you no doubt have noted, have grown very insistent. They say that a poor musician is jailed instantly, while the woman of fashion, who is perhaps equally guilty, is allowed to go free. Such ways of putting things have a greateffect upon public opinion; the politicians who conduct the municipal departments know this, and always move to protect themselves, no matter in what direction the movement takes them."

"Then," said Miss Vale, "you really think they will do as Mr. Osborne said?"

"I have no doubt of it—if the matter is not cleared up before the time arrives for them to act."

The girl arose and went to a window as though to look out; the investigator saw her hand pressed to her heart, and noted the trembling that had seized her. Yet, when she faced him once more, a moment or two later, she made a brave attempt to smile as before.

"I think this is too bad of you," she said. "Your point of view is almost as pessimistic as the detectives', or the newspapers'. I had expected comfort and encouragement."

"And I came to give it—if you'll allow me," said Ashton-Kirk, quietly.

She looked at him for a moment, then both hands went out in a mock despairing gesture, and she laughed. But the laugh was unmistakably forced, and a keen ear for such things would have detected a pathetic little catch in it.

"Now," she said, "you are becoming mysterious. However, I suppose I must not complain, for it is entirely in character with your profession, isn't it?"

He disregarded both the observation and the tone; there was a slight pucker between his keen eyes that spoke of impatience and resentment.

"Mr. Osborne has been very plain with you, Miss Vale," said he, "you have perhaps become accustomed to it in a measure. So I shall not hesitate to follow in his footsteps. I am going to make you face some very plain facts."

"Mercy!" She laughed. "Mercy, Mr. Ashton-Kirk. I had not thought that you could be so deliberately cruel!"

"In the first place, Miss Vale," he began, paying not the slightest attention to her laughter or the mocking light in her eyes, "if you had continued as you began, this matter would have been cleard up before this, the newspapers would never have printed your name in connection with it, and you would have been spared the mortification of a detective at your doorstep."

"Is there one—outside?"

"There are several. If you venture out you will be followed wherever you go."

"When you allowed the fears and desires of Allan Morris to cloud your reason, you made a mistake. You admitted as much when you came to me after the murder; but instantly, upon seeing him again, you were as before. He was struck with fear, and he communicated his terror to you; as before you dreaded to trust anyone—even myself."

"I think you are inclined to take a great deal for granted," said Miss Vale. But in spite of the words, her eyes were wide with alarm.

"He told you of the deaf-mute, Locke," said Ashton-Kirk; "and also other things, which seem to have induced you to visit Locke at the institute near Cordova on the night before last."

Miss Vale elevated her brows in surprise; her attitude was one of wonderment.

"And you did not seem to understand yesterday when I called upon you. You fancied that I was not sure that I had seen you, and had come expecting you to admit the visit to Locke. And as I went away, you also fancied that you had thrown me off the scent." He smiled at the recollection, in spite of his evident resentment of her position. "But the fact of the matter was that I knew your fiance had been the cause of your visit to the mute. You had seen Morris, you knew where he was, and I thought it would be a useful thing for me to be also acquainted with has whereabouts."

"But," protested Miss Vale in a faint voice, but still acting her chosen role to the best of her gifts, "if I had known and desired to conceal his whereabouts, surely you did not expect me to tell you of it."

"But directly. But, if you remember, I dropped a hint that his hiding-place was about to be discovered. This was true; you were about to disclose it. I had only to wait and follow as you rushed off to warn him.

She leaned back in her chair and regarded him strangely, but he proceeded with evenness:

"Your work upon the road was very clever; I congratulate you upon it. But it was scarcely sufficiently inspired to deceive an old hand."

Here he waited, apparently expecting her to speak. But as she did not take advantage of the pause, he went on:

"I called this morning to acquaint you with these things and to advise you on your future course. I must admit that I rather admire your steadfastness in following out what Allan Morris has desired of you; however, it is a great mistake for a strong nature to submit to the clamorings of a weaker one."

She sat suddenly erect; protest was in her eyes, and one hand went up in denial. But, though her lips opened as though she were about to speak, no words came; once more she sank back in the chair and with the air of one compelled to admit a bitter truth.

I 'am not so sure as to how deep Morris is in this murder," continued the investigator, "but I have some ideas on the subject. On the other hand I am quite sure that you are promised to aid him, and that you feel duty bound to do so to the end, according to his not very wise instructions."

He arose and stood looking down at her kindly.

"My advice to you," he went on—"and I speak with a fair knowledge of the facts—is that you do nothing more. Be content with what you have attempted; allow me to act for you in anything further which you have in mind. Or, of you cannot give me your confidence, let me carry the thing on in my own way, as you proposed at the first."

There was a pause of some length; then the girl spoke.

"I am just a trifle bewildered at all this,' she said; "and I really cannot say, Mr. Ashton-Kirk, that I altogether follow you.

He smiled, but the disapproving wrinkle still showed between his eyes.

'I see that you are still determined to hold to your attitude," he said. "I am sorry, of course, but then one is called upon at times to do as one thinks best, and I suppose that is what you are doing." He turned toward the door, and she arose and touched the bell. "Good-by."

"Good-by," she returned.

He stood for a moment in the doorway regarding her with mingled annoyance and admiration. As he caught the steps of the approaching servant in the hall, he said:

"Possibly I can save you some little trouble. You need not call at the Rangnow apartments. Up to last night, Allan Morris had not notified Mr. Tobin as to his new hiding place. However, if you feel that you must see him, you can call at my place at this hour on the day after tomorrow. I am not sure, of course, but it occurs to me that he will be there."

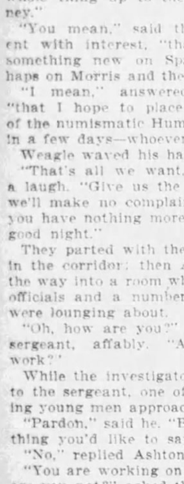
(To be Continued.)

BLADE PATTERNS---LATEST FASHIONS

The Blade will supply its readers with patterns of these designs at the rate of 10 cents for each pattern. The patterns are perfect fitting. All seams allowed. Full directions for making. In ordering give size, number, age, etc.

Address: Pattern Department, The Blade, Toledo, Ohio.

5563—Ladies' and Misses' Nightgown.

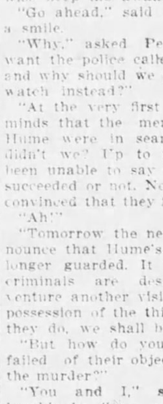


This model gives us the plainest type of sacque nightgown, provided with a yoke facing which may be used or not as desired.

Such materials as batiste, lawn, organdie, cambric and long cloth are used for nightgowns and other lingerie.

The pattern, 5563, is cut in sizes 30 to 44 inches bust measure. Medium size requires 5 yards of 36-inch material.

5421—Smart Sailor Dress.



Quite a variation of the ordinary sailor dress is shown in this illustration. We have in this costume the peasant cut of shoulder with sleeves and body in one. There is a seam in the centre of the back. The blouse is cut away in front to display a small chemisette and the pointed ends of the large sailor collar meet at the lower edge of this opening, where a silk knot is placed.

The skirt has a panel front, circular sides, fitted with darts and a reversed box pleat in the centre of the back.

Serge, cheviot, linen or pongee will make up well in this style. The collar may contrast or not as preferred.

The pattern, 5421, is cut in sizes 14, 16 and 18 years. Medium size requires 4⅞ yards of 36-inch material with 1⅝ yards of 24-inch contrasting fabric to trim.

4500—Children's Dress.

This pattern provides for two styles of finish for the neck. It may be finished with a band or in Dutch fashion. The entire garment is perfectly plain, the only ornamentation being the belt. The closing is down the center of the back.

Gingham, percale and galatea are the most useful materials for rompers.

The pattern, 4500, is cut in sizes 2, 4, 6 and 8 years. The medium size requires 2⅛ yards of 36-inch material.

4663—Boys' Russian Dress.

This simple little Russian dress has a box pleat down the center back. The front is entirely plain and the closing is placed a little to the right side. Three small pleats fit the sleeves at the wrist. A turn-over collar completes the dress.

Percale and gingham are the best materials among the wash fabrics and serge and cheviot in the heavier materials.

The pattern, 4663, is cut in sizes 1, 2 and 3 years. Medium size requires 2⅛ yards of 27-inch material.

5538—Ladies' 26-Inch Coat.

The recognized length for the coat this fall is from 26 to 28 inches.

The model illustrated is of correct length and is dart fitted at the shoulders in front and made with a panel back.

This style is suitable for serge, cheviot, melton, broadcloth and other coat materials.

The pattern, 5539, is cut in sizes 32 to 42 inches bust measure. Medium size requires 2⅞ yards of 50-inch material, with ⅝ yard of Persian trimming for the collar.

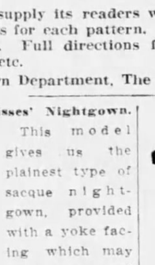
3748—Girls' Sailor Dress.

This dress is made with an underwaist to which the skirt is attached. Over this is worn the blouse, which is gathered around the waist by means of an elastic and trimmed at the neck with a broad sailor collar. The shield seen at the back is merely a facing on the underwaist, but it may be cut separately if preferred.

Brilliantine, flannel or any of the wash materials are suitable for this dress.

Pattern 3748 is cut in sizes 6 to 12 years. The medium size requires 4 yards of material 36 inches wide or 3⅜ yards 44 inches.

5562—Ladies' Waist.

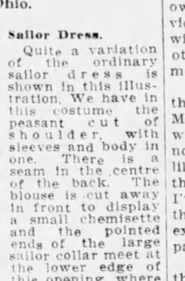


This waist offers us the kimono shoulder, trimmed with tucks which cross it, the neck cut out for a fancy yoke and the entire garment fitted by an underarm and an undersleeve gore. The closing is in the back and the neck is high.

Silk, satin, messaline, linen, lawn, challis and many other materials can be used for this waist.

The pattern, 5562, is cut in sizes 32 to 42 inches bust measure. Medium size requires 2½ yards of 27-inch material.

5554—Girls' Box Coat.



The box coat is ever popular. Our model is cut on the usual plain lines, with very little flare. At the neck is a large ornamental collar; the sleeves have some fullness at the shoulder and are finished with a smart little cuff.

Kersey, melton, storm serge, tweed, cheviot and similar fabrics are suitable for this coat, and braid or bias bands of satin will trim it advantageously.

The pattern, 5554, is cut in sizes 6 to 12 years. Medium size requires 2½ yards of 44-inch material.

5178—Ladies' Tucked Waist.

This very stylish model is one of the best liked for an overbodice. It has a guimpe as a foundation and the upper part of this is faced for the yoke, while the undersleeves are also attached to it.

The outer portion is tucked to the line of the bust in both front and back, and these tucks continue on the sleeves, which are cut in one with the balance of the bodice.

Of course only a sheer or very thin material should be used in making a waist of this kind, as otherwise the fullness below the tucks would be most unbecoming.

Chiffon, marquisette, net, messaline and the like are all appropriate, and the trimming may be bands embroidered in silk or beads as preferred.

The pattern, 5178, is cut in sizes 32 to 42 inches bust measure. Medium size requires 1⅝ yards of 44-inch material for the waist and 1 yard of 36-inch lawn for the guimpe, with 1½ yards of 18-inch allover for the yoke and sleeves.

4554—Ladies' Four-Gore Circular Skirt.

In the design illustrated we show one of these stylish skirts with a center front seam, stitched quite flat and close at the upper edge, but having an underturned box pleat at the lower portion. This same arrangement is followed at the side seams and also in the back.

Serge, cheviot, panama, etc., are suitable.

The pattern, 4554, is cut in sizes 22 to 32 inches waist measure. Medium size requires 5½ yards of 36-inch goods.

4046—Child's Rompers.

The rompers which we illustrate have a nice little tucked waist, slightly full and sleeves which may be either long or short. The bloomer portion is so cut as to be merely fastened around the leg and thus give plenty of chance for free movement.

Gingham is the best material for rompers.

The pattern, 4046, is cut in sizes 2, 4 and 6 years. Medium size requires 2½ yards of 36-inch material.

5328—Childs' Box Coat.

The simple little box coat is one of the most comfortable styles for little people. The one illustrated is cut on the new lines and and hangs without too much fulness in the skirts. It is double-breasted and the shawl collar ends quite low on the chest. Inside to protect the chest of the wearer is a shield, and this is attached to a standing collar. The shield may be omitted if preferred.

Storm serge, Clagonal, cheviot, tweed, etc., are good materials to use in making this coat.

The pattern, 5328, is cut in sizes 2 to 12 years. Medium size requires 1½ yards of 54-inch material, with ⅝ yard of 54-inch contrasting fabric and 3¼ yards of braid.

SEED WHEAT

FREE TO FARMERS.

By special arrangement, THE RATEKIN'S SEED HOUSE, of Shenandoah, Iowa, agree to mail FREE, a copy of their Winter Seed Wheat Catalog and a sample package of their New Imported Malakoff Wheat (a new Russian variety), to any and all who mention this paper. Write them direct today. The address is RATEKIN'S SEED HOUSE, Shenandoah, Iowa, and you will receive the catalog and sample by return mail.

Farmstead

QUESTIONS FOR ANSWER

The following questions are submitted to readers to answer. We do this in the hope of getting results of actual and successful experience, which will be the most valuable answer possible:

Will some reader of the Farmstead please tell me what is the matter with my chickens? They suddenly lose the use of their legs. The leg seems to stand out from the body, the trouble apparently lying in the hips. Also another disease has attacked some of my chickens. There seems to be an inability to digest food from the crop. The chickens died and when the crops were examined they seemed to be full to the bursting point. Several of our smaller chickens became filled with wind under the skin, the latter stretching as tight as a drum. I would like to have remedies for these diseases.—C., Ramsey, Ida.

I have a four-year-old horse that drags his feet at times and then jerks his legs quickly as if he had cramps in them or the thighs. When he is turned around his legs become stiff, as if there were no joints. I would like a remedy for the disease as soon as possible.—S., Fincastle, Va.

TO KEEP PICKLES

I saw a request in the Farmstead lately as to how one can keep pickles hard and nice in brine. They will keep in good condition if the brine is always put up over the pickles.—K., McDonald, Tenn.

BLOODY MILK

C., Kingston, Tenn.—In order to cure your cow from giving bloody milk take a small handful of polk root and cut it up fine, feeding it in slop. After three or four times of being fed this way the cow will be cured.—Z., Reesville, O.

INFLUENCE OF FEED

A Texas reader asks if it is not more profitable for him to buy rich feeds and feed those feeds to the cattle and apply the manure to worn out soil than to buy commercial fertilizers.

We think it is, under ordinary circumstances. Some feeds contain more of one plant food than another. If a rich feed is fed the manure voided by the animal to which it is fed will be richer in that plant than if some other had been fed.

Clover is rich in nitrogen, while straw is not. Every farmer knows that if clover is fed to the animal the manure will be richer in nitrogen than it would be if straw had been fed.

Bran is rich in phosphorus. If bran is fed to the stock the manure will be richer in phosphoric acid than it would be if corn meal had been fed.

A ton of clover contains 40 pounds of nitrogen, 11 pounds of phosphoric acid and 36 pounds of potash. A ton of wheat straw contains about 5 pounds of nitrogen, 5 pounds of phosphoric acid and 15 pounds of potash. It is reasonable to suppose that the manure of the clover fed animal will be four or five times as rich in potash as the manure from straw-fed stock.

A ton of wheat bran contains about 44 pounds of nitrogen, 64 pounds of phosphoric acid and 28 pounds of potash. There is nearly as much phosphoric acid in bran as there is of both nitrogen and potash.

This shows us that some feeds have more nitrogen than others, some contain more phosphoric acid than others and some feed contains more potash than others. If the soil needs any one of these elements it can be seen that the sensible way to supply those needs is to feed to the animals kept on the farm the feed that contains the most of the element needed by the soil.

Of the nine principal feeds most frequently used on the average farm the Cornell station has figured out that in each ton of corn meal there is contained $5.66 worth of nitrogen, phosphoric acid and potash; corn fodder, $1.24; clover hay, $8.95; gluten meal, $16.75; linseed meal, nearly $21; timothy hay, $4.80; wheat bran, $13.08; oats, $7.40, and wheat straw, $2.22.

If the soil needs nitrogen—that is, if the crops make an inferior growth and the soil begins to show signs of clay—the farmer should feed feeds that contain the most nitrogen. Clover hay, oats chop and as much linseed meal or cotton seed meal as is needed to balance the ration should be fed to the animals kept on the farm. Since the mature animals void practically all of these plant foods contained in the food, it can be seen how the soil will be benefited.

If the farmer whose farm needs nitrogen feeds his stock wheat straw, corn fodder or silage, it can be seen that but little nitrogen will be given the manure. Alfalfa hay, cow pea forage, all of the clovers, malt sprouts, barley, tankage, are all more or less rich in nitrogen and should be fed whenever possible to animals kept on soil that needs nitrogen.

If the soil needs phosphorus the farmer should feed more bran. In every ton of bran there is nearly $5 worth of phosphoric acid. If the bran is fed to mature animals and the manure applied before it has lost any of this element by leaching, the soil will receive practically the same benefit it would if $4 or $5 worth of phosphates had been applied.

The bran is even better than the phosphates, because it pays its cost as a feed and the manure costs the farmer practically nothing, while the phosphates have no value other than as a plant food.

If the farmer feeds timothy hay, corn and gluten, he can hope to return but very little phosphoric acid to the soil in the manure of the animals fed these feeds.

But if the soil should need potash, then timothy hay should be taken largely into the ration. Corn silage, oats chop and cotton seed meal will not return much potash to the soil. Besides clover, wheat straw, wheat bran and linseed meal given above, cotton seed meal contains per ton 126 pounds of nitrogen, 56 pounds of phosphoric acid and 20 pounds of potash Oats grain contains 37 pounds of nitrogen, 12 pounds of phosphoric acid and 40 pounds of potash per ton. Barley contains 40 pounds of nitrogen, 15 pounds of phosphoric acid and 10 pounds of potash. Corn grain contains 32 pounds of nitrogen, 11 pounds of phosphoric acid and 7 pounds of potash per ton. Oat straw contains 10 pounds of nitrogen, 5 pounds of phosphoric acid and 20 pounds of potash per ton. Corn silage contains about 5 pounds of nitrogen, 2 pounds of phosphoric acid and 7 pounds of potash per ton. Timothy hay contains perhaps 20 pounds of nitrogen, 6 pounds of phosphoric acid and 35 pounds of potash per ton.

The above will give the reader some idea of how feed may influence the plant food content of the manure by the animals to which the feed has been fed.—Chicago Weekly Inter Ocean.

PLANT DISEASES

The department of agriculture says it is highly important that farmers and horticulturists should be able to recognize plant diseases. Many fail to do this because they do not know the general symptoms that indicate the attacks of insect or fungus enemies.

Plant troubles may be divided into three groups: 1. Nutrition disturbances due to unfavorable conditions in the environment of the plant or inherent in the plant itself. 2. The troubles due to parasitic plants, usually either bacteria or fungi, but sometimes to flowering plants, which deform, stunt or kill the plant. 3. Insect pests, which are in many cases very evident, but often not easily detected.

The first step of importance to the farmer is to be able to determine the presence of disease and to endeavor to find out its cause, nature and probable outcome and the treatment which should be employed. The principal symptoms of disease in plants are the following: 1. Discoloration, or change of color from (a) normal green to a yellow or white pallor, (b) colored spots or areas, as white or gray on leaves or stems, such as mildews or white rusts, many leaf spots of yellow, red, orange, brown, black or variegated spots and the like. 2. Shot hole perforation of leaves. 3. Wilting, such as damping off or wilt. 4. Necrosis, such as death of parts of plants, leaves, twigs, stems or flowers. 5. Reduction in size, such as dwarfing. 6. Increase in size, such as hypertrophy. 7. Replacement of organs by new structures. 8. Mummification. 9. Change of position. 10. Destruction of organs. 11. Excrescences and malformations, such as pus-galls, cankers from malformations in the bark, generally resulting in an open wound, punks, or conches and other fruit of fleshy fungi, witches' brooms, rosettes and hairy root. 12. Exudations, such as slime, flux, gummosis (especially for stone fruits) and resinous (especially for coniferous trees). 13. Rotting, such as dry and soft rots, root rots of alfalfa, cotton, beets or cherries, (generally of fleshy or woody roots-, stem or trunk rot, such as rot of trees and of modified stems like rhizomes, bulbs or tubers and bud and fruit of various fleshy fruits.

Soils decidedly akaline, lacking in proper drainage, or deficient in iron may produce a yellowing of the foliage, while discoloring of restricted areas on the leaves is usually due to the attacks of some insect or plant parasite, presumably the latter.

In general any marked variation in color or shape from the normal type is a sure indication of disease, which in many cases may be controlled and the crop saved if taken in hand promptly.

GROUND MOLES

W., Pinckney, Va.—To get rid of ground moles in a garden that contains one-fourth of an acre mix in the soil one-half barrel of salt. If the ground is badly infested more salt may be applied.

TO MAKE KOUMISS

Take one gallon new milk, heat to 85 or 90 degrees, add half cake compressed yeast (cornmeal paste may be used, but more is needed), dissolve in warm milk; keep the milk at the above temperature until it commences to bubble. Bottle on the first sign of bubbling. Use good bottles and good corks, and a champagne tap to draw it. If properly made the cork cannot be taken out without losing all the koumiss and covering everything in the vicinity with milk. The best koumiss is made with old koumiss for a starter, as that made with yeast will have the yeast taste. Koumiss should have three to five days to ripen after bottling, and should be kept at a temperature not above 60 degrees. Some persons and some stomachs prefer it two or three weeks old. When old koumiss is used for a starter about one quart to the gallon of milk is sufficient, if the koumiss is not more than a week or 10 days old; if older, use less. The koumiss may be put in bottles after the yeast or starter is added, the bottles left open and placed in water up to the necks and the water kept at 85 or 90 degrees temperature. It should be watched and the corks put in as soon as fermentation commences. The corks should first be soaked in hot water and driven in tightly with a corker and wired or securely tied down. If properly made, it is truly a "milk champagne," but few will attain the best success in the first trial. If to be used as a beverage one part water to four of milk may be used. It can be made most successfully in a creamery, where all the appliances and conveniences are at hand.

WHEAT SEED BED

Professor Ten Eyck says in order to secure the ideal conditions for seed germination and plant growth a seed bed for wheat should not be too deep and mellow, rather the soil should be mellow, but yet finely pulverized only about as deep as the seed is planted. Below the depth at which the seed is planted the soil should be firm, making a good connection with the subsoil, so that the soil water stored in the subsoil may be drawn up into the surface soil. The firm soil below the seed, well connected with the subsoil, supplies the moisture to the seed, while the mellow soil above the seed allows sufficient circulation of air to supply oxygen and favors the warming of the soil, gathering the heat of the sunshine during the day and acting as a blanket to conserve the soil beat, maintaining a more uniform temperature of the soil during the night.—Chicago Weekly Inter-Ocean.

FEEDING THE HORSE

Remember the digestive organs of the horse are relatively small and he cannot take care of large quantities of feed. While at heavy work he needs a large amount of nutrients, and this cannot be supplied by increasing the size of the ration so well as by giving more concentrated feeds. Corn is rich in carbohydrates and is a heat and fat producing feed and for this reason it is not the best to use it as a summer feed for work animals. The more severe the labor the smaller must be the allowance of roughage and the larger the concentrates. A good ration for hard worked horses is composed of prairie hay 6 pounds, wheat bran 2 pounds, shelled corn 4 pounds and oats 8 pounds for each 1,000 pounds of live weight. This may be modified by the addition of oil meal which may be fed up to the amount of 1 pound per ration as a substitute for the larger part or the oats. As this has a laxative effect it must be used cautiously especially in summer time.

SORE SHOULDERS

To prevent sore shoulders at this time of the year thoroughly wash the collar and the neck and shoulders of the horse with cool water after each day's work. If the horse is in good flesh and covers his bones well and the collar and flesh are kept clean and the horse gradually is accustomed to work until the flesh becomes hard and firm, there need be no trouble from galled shoulders. If the horse is thin in flesh, so there are protruding bones, and the collar is too large and is allowed to become covered with excretions from the skin, galled shoulders will surely result. If the shoulder becomes sore, use a sweat pad for a time and cut out the pad over the sore.

THE HOPPER-DOZER

The hopper-dozer method of destroying grasshoppers consists of a shallow receptacle of any convenient size, furnished with high back and sides, mounted either on wheels or runners. Large pans are provided with transverse partitions, which prevent slopping of the water and oil when the machine catches a jar. The pans are filled with water and coal oil or gas tar, and are then pushed by hand or horsepower over the infested fields, a set of shafts and handles being so arranged that the front edge of the pan can be elevated or depressed at will to adjust it to the jumps of the lumps. A suggested form for operation by hand-power is made of ordinary sheet iron, eight feet long, 11 inches wide at the bottom and turned up a fot high at each end and a cord is attached to each front corner. This may be drawn by two boys. With more hands, several dozers may be placed end to end in a row, one man holding the cords of each pair of continuous ends, and thus the work may be done rapidly and well.

MISUSING THE HORSE

When a driver whips a horse he usually does so through anger or excitement and does it unwisely. It is possible to punish a horse prudently and effectively, but that is not cruelty. It may be said, however, that 99 per cent of the blows which horses receive are unearned and harmful.

It is a common observation that many drivers whip a horse immediately after he has shied from some passing object like an automobile, which he does not understand and which fills him with terror. It may be necessary to play the whip to the frightened animal in order to keep him from turning and upsetting the vehicle or colliding with other objects and thus bringing disaster, but once the terrorizing object has been passed the whipping of the horse for having been frightened is unalloyed cruelty, which only serves to infuse greater terror in the animal toward the object and cause him to be more frightened at the next meeting.

Every horseman of experience knows well how futile and injurious it is to punish a horse for stumbling or making other errors in step, like interfering. In the vast majority of cases horses stumble because they are the victims of some pain, distraction or impediment. In many cases there is some trouble in the feet or limbs, not amounting to obvious lameness, and in endeavoring to lessen the discomfort the foot is placed improperly, resulting in a stumble, to be followed all too often by lashing from the driver.

In other cases the horse stumbles because badly shod, or the harness fits him badly, or the check rein is drawn too tightly, so that the head and neck cannot be properly used. If breeching is used the horse may be confined between collar and breeching in a manner to impede his freedom of motion. In all cases it is evidently cruel to whip a horse for stumbling. The cruelty of whipping a horse which is overloaded is quite universally recognized except by the angry driver.

Certain stoical horses may bend harder to their task under the lash, but our best horses rather rebel. Almost any horse will draw as heavy loads as asked of him without resort to the lash, so that when a load has been made so large as to require application to the horse the cruelty is doubled; it is cruel to load so heavily and cruelty again to goad the horse beyond his practical strength. And it does not pay. It discourages the horse so that he becomes unreliable, sours his disposition and constantly lowers his efficiency.

Some horses are continually worked during the working day, but spend a considerable portion of their time standing waiting for the load to be received or delivered. A brief wait affords a rest, but a long wait does precisely the opposite. It is not generally recognized by drivers that causing a horse to stand hitched for long periods is exhausting and inhuman. This is especially true of the single horse in thills, where his movements are confined within very narrow limits.

It is a notable fact among veterinarians that spavin, ringbone and similar lamenesses are most seen in those horses which are worked irregularly and are frequently compelled to stand still tied to a post and hitched to a wagon, for prolonged periods. This constitutes a type of cruelty to animals regarding which there should be a better understanding among owners and drivers. It is just as truly cruel to the horse as are overloading and overdriving. This form of cruelty is usually observed mostly among small trade people or artisans, like a plumber, who has no great amount of work for a horse, yet needs one available at all hours. The result is he is kept almost constantly in the wagon, the most of the time in a uncomfortable position at a hitching post in the rear of the shop. Not infrequently, by long use, a hole is worn at the hitching post so that the horse must stand with the fore feet much lower than his hind feet, with the thills preventing any movement from side to side. Normally a horse bears about 60 per cent of the total weight upon his fore feet, but every inch that the ground upon which his fore feet rest is lowered increases directly the percentage of weight to be borne on these and decreases that borne upon the hind feet.

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Hears Church Bells After Long Deafness

For the first time in years, this good lady, who has been deaf, hears the church bells. She is in ecstacy. Only this morning has she been able to hear the prattle of her own children and the voice of her daughter. Twenty-three years ago she first found herself losing deaf and, despite numerous remedies, medical advice, hearing devices and specialists' treatments, she found it more and more difficult to hear. Of late years she was bothered by peculiar noises in the head, which added to her misery. At last she

QUESTION BUREAU

RULES—1. Your real name and postoffice address must be on the sheet with the question. Initials will not do. 2. Ask only one question; though there may be several questions on the same subject, but no different subject. 3. The Bureau is not allowed to give the address of any person or firm, nor answer as to the reliability of any person or firm, nor to tell where you can buy anything—nothing in the way of free advertising. 4. We reserve the right to decline to answer any question not of general interest to a majority of our readers. We will not answer any question involving the doctrine, or of Biblical interpretation; the price of old coins or stamps; no arithmetical or grammatical questions. 6. Don't ask replies by mail. If a question is of general interest to readers we will reply in print, but never by mail.

RELIGIONS OF PRESIDENTS

Will the Question Bureau please tell me to what religions, denominations each of the presidents of the United States belonged?—E. F. B., Centralia, Wash.

The Episcopalian presidents were Washington, Madison, Monroe, Harrison, Tyler, Taylor, Pierce and Arthur. The Congregationalists were both John Adams and John Quincy Adams; Jefferson and Johnson did not belong to any church. The Presbyterians were Jackson, Polk, Buchanan, Lincoln, Cleveland, and Benjamin Harrison. The Reformed Dutch were Roosevelt and Van Buren. Fillmore and Taft were Unitarians, and Garfield belonged to the Disciples. The Methodists were Grant, Hayes and McKinley.

SOLDIERS' HOMES

I wish that you would give the location of the national soldiers' homes in the columns of your paper.—A. C., Winderhook, Mich.

The National Soldiers' home is in Washington, D. C. There are branches of the national home at Dayton, O.; Milwaukee, Wis.; Togus, Me.; Hampton, Va.; Leavenworth, Kan.; Santa Monica, Cal.; Marion, Ind.; Danville, Ill.; Johnson City, Tenn., and Hot Springs, S. D. The state homes are located at Yountville, Cal.; Monte Vista, Col.; Noroton Heights, Conn.; Boise, Idaho; Quincy, Ill.; Lafayette, Ind.; Marshalltown, Ia.; Fort Dodge, Kan.; Chelsea, Mass.; Grand Rapids, Mich.; Minnehaha, Minn.; St. James, Mo.; Columbus Falls, Mont.; Grand Island, Neb.; Milford, Neb.; Tilton, N. H.; Kearny, N. J.; Vineland, N. J.; Bath, N. Y.; Oxford, N. Y.; Lisbon, N. Y.; Sandusky, O.; Roseburg, Ore.; Erie, Pa.; Bristol, R. I.; Hot Springs, S. D.; Bennington, Vt.; Orting, Wash.; Waupaca, Wis., and Cheyenne, Wyo.

GEORGE W. C. LEE

Will you give a short biography of George W. C. Lee, the son of Robert E. Lee?—H. H. C., Lacona, N. Y.

George Washington Custis Lee, the son of Robert E. Lee, was born September 16, 1832. In 1854 he graduated from West Point at the head of his class, and was commissioned second lieutenant of engineers. The following year he was assigned to duty in Florida, where he constructed the fort at the mouth of the St. Marys river. In 1857 he was ordered to San Francisco to construct works at Fort Point. In 1859 Lee was promoted to the rank of first lieutenant, and entered the engineer bureau at Washington, D. C. When the civil war broke out he resigned his commission and entered the Confederate army, where he was at first appointed major of engineers and then captain of engineers. On August 17, 1861, Lee was placed on the staff of Jefferson Davis, with the rank of colonel of cavalry. During the greater part of the war he was kept on the staff despite his own inclinations to be in the field of battle. In 1863 he was promoted to be brigadier-general, and was assigned to the brigade that took in the local defense of Richmond. In 1864 Lee was made major-general, taking command of a division in the army of northern Virginia, serving with great skill and bravery until his capture at Sailors' creek. After the war he was appointed professor of civil engineering and applied mechanics in the Virginia Military institute. In February, 1871, he succeeded his father as president of the Washington and Lee university, which position he held until 1897. Since then he has been president emeritus.

FRATERNAL ORGANIZATIONS

Please give me the number of members in each of the principal fraternal organization of the United States.—F. M. Clarion, Pa.

The membership of the principal fraternal organizations of the United States and Canada is as follows. Odd Fellows, 1,441,403; Free Masons, 999,317; Modern Woodmen of America, 1,045,869; Knights of Pythias, 646,922; Independent Order of Rechabites, 500,000; Woodmen of the World, 400,389; Improved Order of Red Men, 280,574; Order of Eastern Star, 522,-000; Knights of the Maccabees of the World, 300,000; Royal Arcanum, 245,-000; Ancient Order of United Workmen, 110,086; Independent Order of Foresters, 235,800; Order of Eagles, 200,000; Foresters of America, 231,-000; Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks, 331,288; Ancient Order of Hibernians, 250,000; Knights of Columbus, 250,000; Junior Order of United American Mechanics, 210,000; Ladies of the Maccabees of the World, 185,184; Knights of the Modern Maccabees, 106,888; Ladies' Catholic Benevolent association, 118,694; Order of Owls, 152,421; Mystic Workers of the World, 62,831; Order of United Commercial Travelers of America, 85,000; Tribe of Ben Hur, 110,360; Knights and Ladies of Honor, 76,000; Improved Order of Heptasophs, 74,-000; Knights of the Golden Eagle, 67,360; National Union, 64,751; Brotherhood of American Yeomen, 111,550; Protected Home Circle, 71,789; Catholic Mutual Benefit association, 60,-000; Order of Gleaners, 65,245; Court of Honor, 64,769; Brith Abraham Order, 59,489; New England Order of Protection, 66,676; Knights of Honor, 57,460; Ancient Order of Foresters, 57,388; United Order of American Mechanics, 46,217; Sons of Temperance, 46,878; Independent Order of B'nai Brith, 35,164; Knights of Malta, 30,-000; Fraternal Brotherhood, 46,000; Order of United Ancient Druids, 30,-000; Royal League, 30,304; and the minor organizations, 200,815.

OCTOPUS

Please give a description of the octopus.—H. E. Z., New Haven, W. Va.

The octopus is a class of sea animal which has a distinct head and arms surrounding the mouth, and are provided with suckers. The body is covered with a mantle, from the open mouth of which project the head and arms. The water can pass freely into the mouth cavity around the collar; when the mantle contracts, it may be closely to the neck that the water cannot return by the same way, but is forcibly expelled through a tube or the siphon, connecting with the mantle cavity. Because of this the animal may be projected backward through the water, which is driven over the gills projecting into the mantle chamber, thus accomplishing respiration. The nervous system is highly developed and greatly centralized. A cartilaginous surrounds certain of the nerve centers, supports the eyes and ears, and serves for the attachment of muscles. The mouth possesses two jaws resembling the beak of a parrot. There is in most forms an ink sac, which opens by a duct within the anus. It contains a black fluid which the animal discharges in the water, thereby rendering it so cloudy that it can escape when attacked. The contents of the ink sac of certain forms is the India ink or sepia of commerce. These animals are marine and carnivorous in their habits.

ZAMBONI'S PILE

Please give a description of Zamboni's pile in the Question Bureau.—D. H., Stinson, W. Va.

Zamboni's pile is a dry voltaic pile or battery invented by Zamboni. Paper is silvered on one side and dampened and coated on the other with manganese dioxide. About six of these sheets are superposed to save time, disks are punched out, and 1,000 to 2,000 single sheets are compressed in a glass tube with metal caps and knobs at the ends. Such a pile will charge a Leyden jar, though it will not give shocks or sparks.

MISSISSIPPI TRIBUTARIES

In the volume of water discharged what is the chief tributary of the Mississippi river?—O. M., Cannelton, Ind.

Of the many tributaries of the Mississippi the Ohio discharges the larger volume of water into the main stream. The Missouri ranks second in the volume discharged. The annual discharge of the Ohio river is 5,000,000,000,000 cubic feet, and the Missouri, 3,780,000,-000,000 cubic feet.

TO MAKE RAISINS

I wish you would tell in the Question Bureau how to make raisins from grapes.—J. S, M., Sint, N. C.

There has been much improvement in the processes for curing, seeding, and packing raisins, and at this time machines do much of the work which was formerly done by hand. The leading varieties of grapes used for raisins are Muscatel, Gordo Blanco, Muscat of Alexandria and Malaga; for seedless raisins, Sultana and Thompson's Seedless. The average time taken for drying and curing a tray of raisins is about three weeks, all depending on the weather. The earliest picked grapes dry in 10 days, and the later ones often take four weeks or even more. The following is the simple method for drying them: The bunches are cut from the vines and placed on shallow trays two feet wide, three feet long, and one inch high, on which the grapes are allowed to sun-dry, being turned from time to time by simply placing an empty tray topside down on the full one, then turning both over, and taking off the top tray. When the raisins are dried they are stored away in the sweat boxes until they are packed and prepared for shipment. In order to avoid the risk of bad weather some of the larger growers have curing houses in which the curing is finished after being commenced outside.

APPENDICITIS.

Please give an explanation of the disease known as appendicitis.—A. D. M., Snowflake, Va.

Appendicitis is caused by the inflammation of the vermiform appendix. Foreign bodies, such as grape seeds, though found in the appendix, are not now believed to be important causes of the disease. The disease may be brought about by lifting heavy weights or by a fall or a blow, by indiscretions of diet, aided by any cause which lowers the general vitality. The appendix becomes swollen and filled with pus, and if it ruptures general peritonitis results unless the process is limited by inflammatory exudates. The onset is usually abrupt, with tension of the abdominal muscles, and pain in the right side which the patient trees to alleviate by drawing up the right knee. There may be vomiting, with chills and fever, while a sudden collapse shows that the appendix has ruptured. Usually the patient recovers, though he constantly suffers relapses unless the appendix is removed. There is no medicinal treatment for the disease. Our modern surgery renders the risk of early operation extremely small.

THE REGICIDE JUDGES.

Please give an account of the regicide judges in the columns of the Question Bureau.—O. A. M., Brazos, Tex.

The name regicide judges was given to the court appointed by the "rump" parliament early in 1649 to try King Charles I. It was composed of army officials, members of the Commons and citizens of London, 135 persons, in all, being named, although not more than 75 were ever present at the sittings of the court. It opened proceedings January 20 with 67 members in their seats, and about the same number was present eight days later when sentence of death was passed upon the King. Charles was accused of having tried to overturn the liberties of the people, and with being a tyrant, traitor and murderer. The court, which, it was evident from the first, had not been called to try, but to sentence the King, found him guilty on all charges. Fifty-eight members of the court and one altogether unauthorized person named Ingoldsby signed the death warrant and the King was executed January 30. After the restoration of the monarchy the house of commons ordered the arrest of 84 persons as regicides, including the 67 that were present at the time the sentence was pronounced, 11 who were frequently present, four officers of the court and two executioners. Of these 13 were executed and 25 were imprisoned for life, though the fate of some of these latter is obscure. A number had escaped from the kingdom and three—Whalley, Goffe and Dixwell—are known to have gone to America and to have died in this country. None, of course, lived to the time of the revolution, which was more than a century subsequent to the execution of the King. Whalley and Goffe went to Boston and for a time lived there openly, but a royal warrant was sent for their arrest and they then escaped to New Haven, where they remained concealed for several years. Many of the people were anxious to shield them from harm, but large rewards had been offered for their capture, and it was thought, no doubt correctly, that there were many who would be ready to betray them for this money. A mythical story is told of the attack upon the New Haven colony of a band of Indians, creating a panic among the people, which was checked by the appearance of two white haired old men, who put themselves at the head of the small force of able-bodied colonists and enabled them to repulse the savages. Dixwell also came to New Haven, where he lived in seclusion under an assumed name. All these men are thought to have died at New Haven, and a large monument in the churchyard there shows where Dixwell was buried.

THE PORTLAND VASE.

I would like to have a description of the Portland vase published in the columns of your paper.—W. R. D., Cadillac, Mich.

The Portland vase is a beautiful cinerary urn of transparent, dark blue glass, found about the middle of the sixteenth century in a marble sarcophagus near Rome. It was once deposited in the Barberina palace at Rome, and hence is often called the Barberina vase. In 1770, it became the property, by purchase, of Sir William Hamilton, from whose possession it passed into that of the Duchess of Portland. In 1810 the duke of Portsmouth, one of the trustees of the British museum, allowed it to be placed in that institution, retaining his right over it as his own property. In 1845 a miscreant named William Lloyd, apparently from an insane love of mischief or a diseased ambition for notoriety, dashed the valuable relic to pieces with a stone. The pieces of the fractured vase were carefully gathered up and afterward united in a very complete manner; and thus repaired, it still exists in the museum, but it is not shown to the public.

JOHN BIGLER

Will you please give a short sketch of the life of John Bigler?—W. B. M., Mercer, Pa.

John Bigler, the third governor of California, was born January 8, 1804. He was of German descent. Bigler received a common school education in his native state of Pennsylvania. He then learned the printer's trade, becoming editor of the "Center Democrat," at Bellefonte, Pa. He held this position for several years. During that time he studied law, was admitted to the bar, and practiced with great success. In 1846 Bigler settled in Illinois, only to journey to California in 1849 when the gold fever struck the people. Being a good-natured and approachable man who did not scorn to labor with his hands he became personally popular among the people who lived in California in those days. So, in 1852, Bigler was inaugurated governor of the state, and in this capacity ministered largely to the wants of the immigrants, many of whom reached the state in a forlorn and even suffering condition. During this time there was a great amount of graft carried on in the government of the state and Bigler was charged with being in the schemes as deeply as anyone. But instead he was doing his best to stem the tide of misrule, though unable to fully accomplish the task. He was elected for a second term and was nominated by the Democrats for a third term, but was defeated.

MISCELLANEOUS

J. E. M., Raton, N. Mex.—We have no copy of the laws of the state of Maine.

W. T., Worthington, Mo.—The motto of the United tSates, "e pluribus unum," means "Out of many, one."

E. R. M., Corsica, Pa., and D. B., Lindside, W. Va.—The land offices of North Dakota are located in Bismarck, Devil's Lake, Dickinson, Fargo, Minot and Williston.

J. H. T., Mebane, N. C.—The phrase, "There is a time to every purpose," occurs in the third chapter and first verse of book of Ecclesiastes in the Bible.

Naval Aviators.

Army and Navy Gazette.

It may be hoped that the navy in the future will take a much larger share in the progress of aerocraft than it has been able to do hitherto. Litut. Conneau's success shows how useful a naval training is to an airman, especially as regards map and compass reading during flight and being able to take a few hours' sleep and rest when opportunity offers, though the conditions may not always be favorable. It must be valuable to the French navy to have an officer like Lieut. Conneau, whose scientific knowledge and practical experience should, and no doubt will, be turned to account. For many reasons it must be regretted that encouragement has not been held out to our seamen to gain similar proficiency.

From the Song to David.

Precious the penitential tear;
And precious is the sigh sincere,
Acceptable to God:
And precious are the winning flowers,
In gladsome Israel's feast of bowers
Bound on the hallow'd sod.

Glorious the sun in mid career;
Glorious th' assembled fires appear;
Glorious the comet's train;
Glorious the trumpet and alarm;
Glorious the Almighty's stretched-out arm;
Glorious th' enraptured main:

Glorious the northern lights astream;
Glorious the song, when God's the theme;
Glorious the thunder's roar:
Glorious hosanna from the den;
Glorious the catholic Amen;
Glorious the martyr's gore:

Glorious—more glorious—is the crown
Of Him that brought salvation down,
By meekness call'd thy Son:
Thou that stupendous truth believed;—
And now the matchless deed's achieved,
Determined, dared and done.

—Christopher Smart.

Activities of the Spies

SPIES, according to dispatches from Washington are still at work finding out for the nations which they represent the secrets of this country's defence. Not satisfied with their "military attaches"—sometimes called the title of a spy not in disguise—these nations, directly or indirectly, have men working all the time throughout the world collecting information, says the New York Post. This information is of every sort; economic, geographical, commercial, but especially military. It is the first duty of these men to report all details they can gather of the fortifications in the country which they are assigned. All this information is eventually filed in the vaults of the general staff, and on it, to a large degree, depends the preparedness of the country for war.

In New York itself there are doubtless many spies besides the consuls. Some years ago a young lieutenant in a foreign army spent his vacation on this side of the Atlantic, admittedly reporting to his government the various activities of the United States, especially in some of their island protectorates. He returned to his home country, and nothing more was heard of him for several years.

One day toward the end of 1910 a man who had met this officer on his first visit was much surprised to meet him again on a ferryboat to Staten Island. The officer was dressed in civilian clothes, and either did not recognize his former acquaintance or pretended not to recognize him. When addressed, however, he readily acknowledged his identity. He said he was in this country permanently, and was working in a factory on Staten Island.

This factory was within half an hour's walk of some of the most important fortifications on the Atlantic seaboard. The fact was enough to make the acquaintance suspicious. Here was a man who had been an officer in a foreign army, who had at one time admittedly represented his country on an inspection tour, and who suddenly turned up six years after in civilian clothes and said that he was working regularly in a factory close to a great fortress. The acquaintance could not see why he had left the army, which he had every chance for advancement, to take a position in a factory on Staten Island, unless he had some ulterior motive.

Some time later the acquaintance called up the factory to see if the man was still there. He was not, but had left shortly after the interview on the ferryboat.

Brief Stories of Mythology.

ORPHEUS AND EURYDICE—IV.

"But soon, too soon the lover turns his eyes;
Again she falls, again she dies, she dies!
How wilt thou now the fatal sisters move?
No crime was thine, if 'tis no crime to love."

—Pope.

Thus Pope expresses the central idea of the story of Orpheus and Eurydice. This tale of Grecian mythology is the saddest and most pathetic, yet the most beautiful that has come down to us from the ancient Greeks. Orpheus was the son of Apollo and Calliope, the Muse of eloquence and heroic poetry. He was presented a lyre by his father and taught to play upon it. So gifted did he become in playing the instrument that nothing could withstand the charm of the music. Not only were his fellow mortals affected by its sweet harmony, but the wild beasts laid aside their fierceness and gathered around him entranced. Even the trees and rocks were sensible to the soft strains that poured forth from the lyre.

Orpheus loved a maiden named Eurydice and so they were united in marriage with Hymen present to bless the nuptials. However, he brought bad omens with him which ended in misfortune. A short time following the marriage, while wandering with her companions, the nymphs, Eurydice was seen by a shepherd, Aristaeus, who was so struck with her beauty that he made advances to her. While fleeing from him she trod upon a snake in the grass and was bitten in the foot, dying soon from the effects. Orpheus sang his grief to those who live on earth as well as to the gods. As this was of no avail he decided to visit the lower regions. Descending into the Stygian realm, he presented himself before the throne of Pluto and Proserpine and with his voice and lyre made a plaintive plea to have Eurydice restored to him.

So tender were the strains of music that even the ghosts shed tears. Tantalus, in spite of his thirst, ceased for a woment his efforts for water, Ixion's wheel stood still, the vulture ceased to tear the giant's liver, the daughters of Danaus rested from their task of drawing water in a sieve, and Sisyphus sat on his rock to listen. Even the cheeks of the Furies became wet with tears. The ruler of the region of the dead could not resist this appeal, so Orpheus was allowed to take his wife away. There was only one condition imposed; he was prohibited from looking at her until they should reach the outer air. With this understanding they proceeded on their way, she silently following him through the dark and narrow passages until they had nearly reached the upper world. Then Orpheus, in a forgetful moment, glanced behind him to see if she was still there. Instantly Eurydice was borne away so fast that the sound of her last farewell barely reached his ears.

Orpheus, grief stricken, sought permission to enter and try once more for her release, but the ferryman refused passage. Without eating or sleeping he lingered seven days about the brink, and then departed, singing his complaints of the cruelty of the powers of Erebus to the rocks and mountains, melting the hearts of the tigers, and moving the mountains from their stations. The maidens tried their best to captivate him, but he held aloof from all womankind and by so doing provoked them to anger. One of them in an excited state of mind brought about by the rites of Bacchus, threw her javelin at him, crying, "See yonder our despiser!" When the weapon reached the sound of his lyre it fell harmless on the ground. Stones flung by the others were of no avail. However the women raised a scream, drowning the music, and the missiles that struck him were stained with his blood. His body was torn from limb to limb; his head and lyre were thrown into the river Hebrus, down which they floated, murmuring sad music, to which the shores responded with a sweet symphony. The Muses gathered up the fragments of his body and buried them at Libethra, where the nightingale is said to sing over his grave more sweetly than in any other part of Greece. His lyre was placed by Jupiter among the stars. His shade passed to Tartarus for the second time, and there he found Eurydice. They now roam the happy fields together content in each other's company.

What's in a Name?

What's in a name, I ask of you?
When Sue the graces has complete
While fitting names are all too few,
What's in a name, I ask of you?
Blanche is not fair, nor Constance true,
Pearl is no gem, nor Lily sweet—
What's in a name, I ask of you,
When Sue the graces has complete?

—Puck.

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If you have backache, kidney, bladder trouble or rheumatism, dizziness, puffy swellings under the eyes or in the feet and ankles, nervousness, tired and worn-out feeling, if the urine is light and pale, dark colored or cloudy, if you make water often, getting up during the night, if it smarts and burns in passing, if there is sediment or brick dust when it stands, you need my treatment without a minute's delay.

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I want to help you to get well, and be strong again, so you can work, and walk, and run, and jump without pain; so you can sleep without disturbance, and wake up refreshed and rested, able to use every muscle, nerve, chord and joint of your body, without suffering misery all the time.

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I am the only one to-day making this offer, sending a full treatment, on free trial for such diseases. You know I could not afford to do it, if I did not feel sure it would help you—if I did not know it would cure. That's why I can afford to send it first—but you are the one to decide; you are the one to be the judge. It must help you, it must satisfy you—before you send a penny. And you are the one to say. I will take your word. It's all left right with you yourself. What you say goes. That's all I care for. I don't want a penny unless it helps you. I would not take a cent that I am not entitled to. I believe in giving everyone a square deal—in being honest—it's my religion—I want to do what's right—that's why I am making you the broadest, most straightforward, fairest, most liberal one-sided offer, ever made. When I have confidence enough in my treatment to send it to you this way, I know you'll be willing to try it at my expense—that's all I ask. Don't send a penny in your letter, not even a postage stamp; just your name and address and where to send the treatment. Address your letter to me personally, like this: DR. H. MICHELL DeWERTH, 700 Lexoid Building, Cleveland, Ohio.

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Man proposes and woman poses.

Ethel: You lose the bet. Aviators do not live on birdseed.

Missouri is being mentioned as the mother of presidential candidates.

Some men are too lazy to bother about finding an excuse for not working.

Counting chickens before they are hatched is a poor way to improve one's memory.

One New York man has had to postpone his wedding on account of his first wife.

There are men so color blind that they imagine that red liquor will cure the blues.

We all like to hear people say what they think, provided their remarks don't hit us.

"California has made Roosevelt a grandfather," says an exchange. Great and glorious climate out there.

"We must bear with the boys," says Mayor Gaynor. That's not the question. Will the boys tolerate us?

A Chicago pastor declares that Elijah was the first aviator. And he didn't have to stop for gasoline.

"A single drop of indigo will color a ton of water." And one little lie will ruin a reputation for veracity.

Mr. Rockefeller is adding 10 new rooms to his house, to cost $100,000 each. He must be expecting company.

Mr. Bryan's experience has taught him that he can remain in the Democratic party without feeling crowded.

One doctor has discovered a serum that will cure laziness. But the man who is lazy doesn't want to be cured.

It is reasonable to expect that the potato crop will be a few million bushels larger than the pessimists predict.

Men who thought they settled the tariff question 20 years ago were mistaken. It is going to be settled next year.

Canada is getting more excitement out of the reciprocity question than this country did. It doesn't seem just right.

We make the prediction that when aeroplanes take the place of automobiles, spiral gliding will succeed joy riding.

Mr. Roosevelt seems to think that his nomination next year would be worse than a second crop of 17-year locusts.

Mr. Roosevelt says his nomination in 1912 would be a calamity. There is no sense in trying to argue the matter with him

The suffragists have offered a prize of $100 for a hymn. A chance for some mere man to pick up a little easy money.

A scientist declares that all Americans look alike. Evidently he hasn't seen President Taft and Hon. Charles W. Fairbanks.

Self-rocking cradles have been invented. Which probably means that the baby will be rocked oftener than is good for him.

An Iowa man declares that many women don't know good bread. He had better not say that mother could not make good pies.

Nebraska has a man 117 years old. He has always smoked and used liquor in a moderate degree, and has never married. About time for him to reform.

Senator Stephenson is getting well along in years. The committee which is going to begin an investigation of his case October 2 should govern itself accordingly.

Democratic congressmen will go into the next campaign and insist that they had the country saved up to the time Mr. Taft took his pen in hand and vetoed salvation.

The birdmen are making progress, but it will be a long time before their flights, north or south, will indicate the kind of weather we are going to have during the next six weeks.

Here is a question that originated in Indiana: "How much noise does a cow with a bell around her neck make?" It isn't as easy as it looks. A great deal depends on the number of flies on the cow.

AN IMPROVEMENT IN CORN.

He is a poor kind of farmer who cannot produce a new kind of corn if he gives the task time and trouble. Indian maize lends itself to an extraordinary amount of experiment and in the years since plant breeding has become a recognized art there have been a succession of fashions, some good and some indifferent, some living up to promises and not a few proving lamentable failures.

From Kansas comes news of the latest threatened "revolution" in corn. This is a form described as having a low stalk and a very large ear. A merit claimed for it is that "a great saving of plant nourishment is obtained by keeping down the stalk which goes to waste."

Low-growing corn is not new by any means. A variety cultivated for years in states as far north as the Dakotas has a height upon an average of not more than that of a man's hips. It is not famous for big yields, running about 40 bushels to the acre. Wherever dairy interests amount to anything big stalk corn is bound to be held in the highest regard. For the plant is the best of all silage plants. In spite of high praise given in turn to clovers, alfalfa, meadow grasses, cowpeas, soybeans, Canada field-peas, sorghum, sunflower, millet, apple pomace, beet pulp and canning house refuse, corn still holds the advantage for the purpose.

The amazing ease with which corn responds to wise cultivation makes it imprudent, of course, to cast a damper upon each new proclamation of vast improvement. Though there seem flaws in the farcried confidences of the Kansan, it may truly be that a discovery of great importance has been made. Certainly it can be hoped so.

THE TRUE MEASUREMENT.

It would be scarcely just to measure the late extraordinary session of congress by ordinary standards. To say that it passed the reciprocity bill, gave New Mexico and Arizona a chance to join the sisterhood of states and fiddled with the tariff, is to put the session in the scales with other sessions and judge according to the laws of arithmetic. But that provides no picture of the congress, gives no adequate estimate of high achievements and inglorious failure. There is a more scientific method of valuation.

Up to Saturday, August 19, the Congressional Record consisted of 4,398 pages. Making a fair reduction for bills introduced, "Rules of Publication" and the home addresses of congressmen printed semi-occasionally, there have been 4,000 pages of talk. Allowing 600 words to the page, the expenditure of oratory amounted to 2,400,000 words—a library, a phonograph factory, a cave of the winds! Then there were the colloquies not set down, being too spicy for the staid old Record, as when Clayton invited Mann to come outside and get his nose punched, the repartee of Rucker and Booher during their fistic encounter, the weepings and wailings of La Follette and Bristow when their Democratic allies double-crossed them, the anger of Senator Percy when word came that Mississippi preferred Vardaman to himself and the hectic resignation of Senator Bailey from the monetary commission. Seldom has multiloquence been so massed. Seldom have statesmen flicked the perspiration from their brows and let their collars melt down in such vigor of declamation. It was a billion lung power of a session. It was a Niagara of verbosity. Though Mr. Taft may regret exciting these Ciceros into a typhoon of vocalization, the country will not. Five thousand pages of the Congressional Record will kindle a lot of fires.

THE GROWING POWER.

The English strike has taken on the dimensions of war. It is mass grouped against mass, force colliding with force—and in between—the non-combatants ground and terrorized. The strike is more than an attempt to gain increased wages, better working terms and recognition of a unionized multitude. It is a test of the power of organization, a trial on enormous scale of the movement which is building nations within nations, raising new codes and forming a new and complex system of loyalties.

It would be foolish to expect to see this movement stop or disappear. Even with force, you can do nothing against it. The workers have learned statistics. They count themselves and see that they are in the majority. They have learned to understand the machinery of the state. They see that a few people issue orders, which the many obey because of the respect for old traditions. But those who obey are people of their own class, and if they ceased to obey, the state would be only a small group of ministers and councillors without any more power than marionettes whom everybody would laugh at. It is for this reason they are trying to make those who obey see that there is no reason why they should continue to do so, and they know that, if they succeed in this, the commands of the state, the army, the judges and government would be mere empty words, with no more power than the threats and commands of Xerxes over the waves of Hellespont.

The frantic appeals of the English ministry show upon what thin and unstable ground the authority of governments is based. This may stand impregnable when assaulted from without, but when the sands of the foundation slide away, the edifice cracks and groans and, unless the movement is stayed, comes to the earth a heap of stones and dust.

Says Max Nordau further:

Syndicalism is a power which, when it is once realized, will envelop the world in its shadows. And, since the strike of the postal and railroad employes in France, we may say prognostically as did Goethe at the bivouac on the eve of the battle of Valmy: "From here and from this day a new era in human history begins, and you will some day be able to say that you witnessed it."

So far the new power looks only to the spoils. It strives only for victory. It has not looked beyond. What shall it be if it casts out ministries and disperses armies, if, in short, it displaces government? The sense of security lies in the respect which authority can command with the help of tradition and habit. But a force which merely represents an industrial or economic achievement has nothing but itself with which to command confidence, bring peace, cause the resumption of trade and the accustomed labors. Its very power may be its greatest weakness. Its members held together by a common aim and desire may fall into thousands of groups when the goal is reached. There is disintegration without prospect of reconstruction.

The strikers of England fight with the most terrible weapons so far devised of human ingenuity. Even though they win now, or they lose now, and the hum of industry is resumed, the workers are, in no distant day, like to try their weapons at their grimmest, most resistless strength. That may be a day worth witnessing, but yet a day promising little for human happiness.

VACATIONS.

Dr. Dudley A. Sargent, the physical culture expert of Harvard, has a poor opinion of the American system of vacation taking. Says the doctor:

"To abolish vacations would be an unpopular measure, I know, but it would be better for many individuals. In many cases the vacation is more harmful than beneficial. The people who devote a fortnight or more each summer to idle loafing and overeating come back to work more tired than when they went away."

Dr. Sargent is quite right in assuming that a movement to abolish vacations would be unpopular, but we are not so sure that vacations are harmful as a rule. It is not so important that a rest should be taken in the ordinary meaning of giving body and mind a spell of indolence, as it is to gain a rest from ordinary labors. The human mind and body can stand a tremendous amount of drudgery and monotony. The work of housewives is a sample of endurance in this line. But the capacity to endure ought not to argue the need to endure. There should be breaks in the routine, relief from the strain of habit. It scarcely matters how this should be gained. It is quite possible that the person who takes his vacation by dreaming upon the bank of a lazy stream and pretending to fish gets quite as much out of his period of recreation as the one who pursues the strenuous sport of mountain climbing. Both obtain alleviation. If at the end of the vacation both are tired of it, so much the better. It becomes the easier to return to the accustomed tasks.

SOVEREIGN ONLY IN NAME.

King George of England has given his assent to the bill which takes the veto power from the house of lords and delivers to the house of commons absolute control over four-fifths of all legislation. Yet that assent does not represent approval. Rather it represents resignation. For the king had no alternatives. He was king in name and in little else.

It is written in English history that James II. issued a Declaration of Independence granting freedom of worship, in defiance of act of parliament. The bishops who were ordered to read the proclamation from their pulpits refused, were indicted, tried and found not guilty. There "were fires over the whole city and drinking in every street * * * with the play of fireworks and the discharge of firearms and other demonstrations of furious gladness * * * continued during the night." This was on June 29, 1688. On November 16, following, James was speeding for the seacoast in panic. Since then no sovereign of England has dared to overrule an act of parliament or even to exercise a nominal right of expressing his personal approval or disapproval of a measure once passed.

King George, without doubt, was in sympathy with the lords. They were of his class. They were his people. But that mattered not a whit when the bill was placed upon his writing table. He formally acknowledged himself the servant of democracy. He bowed to the fact that he was king, not because of kingly qualities, but because England has not found it convenient to declare his throne vacant and his symbols obsolete.

ESSENTIALS.

The founder of an Adamless Eden in California announces:

In two months every one of those on the place will be able to cut wood, plough and swear. I am going to suggest that they cultivate use of the word "damn." I believe that some expletive in doing heavy work is almost necessary as a safety valve and I don't propose to have the atmosphere and the local color ruined by such terms as "fudge!" and "Oh, sugar!"

Utopian experiments have failed because of a variety of reasons, the chief of them being the want of consideration given to human nature. In the name of liberty, the founders have bound freedom. To promote happiness, they have tied and gagged the springs which release unhappiness. It may well happen that this energetic woman who has promoted a colony for her sex has discovered the elements which will give her enterprise lasting life. Before planning a system of outdoor work, she has observed the farmed in the field. The "mule-talk" has fallen upon her ears, but she has not raised her head to shut off the shocking sounds. Instead she has let her philosophy do its duty. Plainly—she has remarked—plowing has progressed while words virulent and sulphurous have issued from the plowman. The patient animals have responded to the steering directions and seemed not ungrateful of their unmistakable meaning. When the furrows lay shining in the sun, straight as a good highway, the farmer has looked upon them proudly as a skilled craftsman and been unaware of any unheaving conscience. Cussin', in short, goes with the job. The crops of the Adamless Eden may be plenteous because the mistress in charge recognizes essentials.

ANOTHER SWING AROUND THE CIRCLE.

It is announced that the President will make a tour of 13,000 miles, visit 33 states and deliver 200 speeches. Six weeks will be given to the discussion of the policies which have been most prominently before the public attention in the last few months.

The tour, at its beginning, will necessarily be devoted to self-defense. Mr. Taft is as well aware as anyone that he has placed himself in a position which, in the minds of many citizens, calls for an extended explanation. The opposition to the reciprocity treaty is not all dead. There are echoes of it still, in spite of the fact that the greater part of the nation has accepted it as a great progressive measure.

The series of vetoes will demand a more thorough bill of particulars. It has been the aim of dominating factions in congress "to put the President in a hole" and no little success has attended upon the effort. It is cited that Mr. Taft pronounced the wool schedules of the tariff indefensible and yet he has refused to approve a bill which upon its face reduces the duties on clothing and blankets. He has used the phrase "conceding the wisdom of the general policy" in reference to lowering duties and yet has vetoed the so-called farmer's free-list bill. It would be only natural that some confusion, as well as a sense of grievance, stir the public mind.

It will be for the President to explain that, whatever scheming congressmen may say to the contrary, it was his duty to take the tariff out of politics. The tariff bills of the extraordinary session were all politics. They were loosely-drawn, meaningless and, when analyzed by experts, found to promise no relief in reduction of prices. Their authors did not intend to lower the costs of living, but to lower the standing of the President in the country. Mr. Taft might have shrugged his shoulders and signed the bills, leaving it for congress to explain at some later date that costs of living didn't necessarily hinge upon tariff rates. Frankly, we thought this would be his course. He has made a braver decision, however, vetoes the haphazard, log-rolling, political-thunder bills and left to his own voice and energy the matter of setting himself right with that part of the country which is misinformed as to the true situation. We believe he will have no great difficulty in succeeding.

THE PORTRAITS OF A NOTABLE.

Out of the files of the Blade we warm the embers of memory of that picturesque personality, Emilio Aguinaldo.

He headed the party of Filipinos which wrung terms from the Spanish government after the rebellion of 1896. When our war with Spain broke out he supplied aid and information to Admiral Dewey, but went away to pout when he was refused permission to pillage Manila. He organized the Filipino republic, naming himself president and then dictator. Refusing to concede the American administration of the islands, he organized a conspiracy for the massacre of all Americans. Then followed the two years of guerrilla warfare, the long pursuit of Aguinaldo and his capture by the indefatigable Funston.

Judge G. W. Trent, of the supreme court of the Philippines, supplies the second picture:

Aguinaldo has a farm of several hundred acres in Cevito, just across the bay from Manila. He rarely visits Manila, and on the occasions he does go there, it is generally as a witness in a court case. Apparently, the once noted insurrecto has lost all political ambition, and desires only to be let alone to pursue his occupation. I am told that he is a good farmer, and that he is making money out of agriculture. He never talks about the insurrection days, and declines to discuss politics.

Our ancient enemy might well congratulate himself for a whole head, besides a fine store of reminiscence to mitigate themonotony of a planter's life.

HAVING FUN WITH A MUSEUM.

The theft of the greatest art treasure of the Louvre in Paris is not the first of the kind. A year or two ago there was rather a fashion in robbing the great museum, a style in burglary which gained almost as much publicity as the directoire skirt, which appeared about the same time.

Those burglaries, however, turned out to be the work of enterprising journalists who sought to prove that the Louvre was inadequately guarded. After a day or two of excitement the goods were returned, the officers in charge of the museum were unmercifully ridiculed and some local paper took a spurt in circulation. It would be interesting if this most recent and most daring bit of stealing should turn out to have the same origin—interesting both for the display of cold nerve on the part of our fellow-craftsmen and the quality of patience of the museum directors. If the patience gives out, there will be a sudden slump in the cold nerve.

A TEACHER OF CO-OPERATION.

In the road drag, the people beyond the Mississippi have found a way to fill up the bumps of their highways, smooth down the ruts and push the dust over into the ditches. It is a cheap form of road repairing and upon certain types of soil it has proved marvelously effective.

But the best thing about the road drag is that it has got the farm folk to doing things in company. There are, for example, Split Log Drag clubs in Texas. In Iowa, a drag was pulled clear across the state. A Missouri farmer, fired by the enthusiastic talk of neighbors, hauled a drag behind his wagon on his way to market and rigged up a seat upon it for his wife in order to gain ballast. There are, of course, many other things which draw the agriculturists together — the granges, the institutes, the township meetings, the telephone lines promoted with local capital and the co-operative ditching schemes. But the road drag has an advantage over all of them in that no one feels like wasting time in talking, but instead gets out and does the work. It is too simple for mere booming. It is too practical to admit of hemming-and-hawing. The farmers merely go ahead and take another important step in learning the value of organized effort.

ALASKA HELD UP.

Representative William Sulzer, who has just returned from Alaska, reports that the people of the territory are so exasperated over the paralysis of the development of resources that they are talking revolution.

Rifle clubs at Fairbanks and other towns, in the opinion of the representative, may form the nucleus of an army of uprising which will "throw off the shackles," make the laws which congress has failed to make and hold out for terms which will bring long belated regulations under which settlement and enterprise can be encouraged.

There has been no excuse for postponing the reform of land laws which will let Alaska proceed toward its destiny. In spite of much discussion, the doctrine of conservation has not been defined in practical terms. All sorts of schemes have been suggested, but not one put upon the statute books Those who had broached plans for the government to mine coal, build railroads and construct harbor facilities lost their enthusiasm after a speech or two. Those who stick by the old policy of haphazard development, with the loot for those who are shrewd enough to get it, haven't had the bravery to do else than stand pat. In the meantime, business in Alaska languishes and the indignation of the settlers takes the form of drilling with arms and talking foolishly of secession.

WHY THE STRIKE ENDED.

Lloyd-George possibly plumes himself upon persuading the railroad workers of England to return to their tasks. Other members of the ministry no doubt think that the calling out of troops and the adoption of other repressive methods brought about the swift ending of the strike. But it is to be suspected that a deeper influence is responsible.

As the unions have grown stronger they have become, at least in England and America, more conservative. The duties have lain more heavily upon the shoulders of leaders. One can imagine the situation in the headquarters of the labor organizations. A tremendous power had been exercised. An immense force had been loosed. The officers desired above everything to keep the power intact and the force in hand. Each day of the strike added to the responsibilities and made the wielding of the armies of workers more and more difficult. That which was a menace to capital might become in turn a danger to organized labor. The sooner the accustomed routine was resumed the less peril there was in the mass getting out of hand, breaking with acknowledged leaders, taking up with new leaders, and falling into the wild ways of anarchy. While unions have been knit more closely, they are not yet a compact and thoroughly disciplined body. On the one hand they are ready for self-sacrifice. On the other hand they hold in their midst the elements of chaos. No one knows this better than the big leaders. The most radical of them are, in some directions, the most conservative. They recognize that beyond gaining certain ends, accomplishing certain steps, they must keep the social fabric in its present form, at least until they can supplant it with something they feel is better and is capable of practical application. Their philosophy has not yet worked out that substitute.

None is more glad of the virtual settlement of the strike in England, one may be sure, than the men who called it.

THE IMPRESSIVE QUALITY.

About once a week the newspapers print items like this:

James Walkenphast is tramping from Boston to San Francisco, having started without a penny and earning or begging his livelihood on the journey. He is making the trip on a wager.

August Hollahed is walking from San Francisco to New York, dressed in a clown's suit and pushing a wheelbarrow. He is doing this on a bet.

Two pedestrians, under contract to cross the continent in six months, passed through this town on Thursday. They say they will win a wager of $1,000 if they succeed in performing their feat.

We know that there are such beings, for every once in a while they come into this office, brag until they bore everyone to madness and then move on, leaving behind them a feeling of wonder as to the amazing ability of the human body to bear burdens of road-dust, cinders and other material of the kind. They are a tiresome lot with undeveloped senses of observation. They get no more out of their traveling than a Sicilian immigrant gets out of a Democratic handbook.

But their personality aside, these panhandling "athletes" have something strange and impressive about them. You study them and can't for the life of you see how anyone would bet 10 cents they could or could not do anything. Who puts up the wagers? Who offers the prizes? And why? It is beyond us. Is it possible that anyone knows?

TRAMPS AS SOURCE OF GRAFT.

It seems absurd that anyone should live by "grafting" upon tramps. Where is the remuneration in squeezing water from a stone, in looting an empty safe, in robbing the penniless?

The answer is — there are tramps and tramps. The fact is that the "hobo" of the "Weary Willie" type is in the minority upon the great highway. There are wanderers who do have money, do work when they can, do wash with opportunity. It requires no great skill to ride upon bumpers, to climb into a freight car and to dodge trainmen. There are men and boys engaged in occupations which compel journeying from place to place. Sometimes, in the far west, freight trains carry scores of sheep-shearers and harvest hands following up the movement of sheep-shearing and grain-harvesting. Having learned to travel cheaply, they are constitutionally opposed to paying fares in the regular way. Time was—and it may be still—when trainmen doubled their wages with collections from these travelers. In the middle west the traffic is not so heavy or so marked by seasonal distinctions. But there are thousands who prefer the box car to the palace car, and when caught, dip uncomplainingly into their pockets and, if they can, pay their passage or buy immunity from arrest. The "fake" detective's practices but represent "graft" in the course of organization, the irregular assessment of tribute being raised to an institution.

Col. Ned Green, Aunt Hetty's boy, announces that he is fond of corned beef and cabbage. Now, if he will tell the girls who his favorite poet is, they can govern themselves accordingly.

Again, a flying machine traveling across country leaves no ruts for the road supervisor to make smooth with the hand of toil.

There's one thing about biplanes that makes them less objectionable than automobiles—they don't stir up the dust.

John Hays Hammond says he did not nudge King George in the ribs. Truth is mighty and must prevail.

If the scientists are not mistaken there are 400 kinds of fleas. Enough to satisfy every variety of taste.

There are two reasons against President Taft going up in an aeroplane—precedent and avoirdupois.

If women had their way no man would be a member of more than a half dozen secret societies.

Having been President, and now grandfather, there are no more honors for Theodore Roosevelt.

Sunday School

A NATION'S MEN AND RELIGION

The International Sunday School Lesson for September 3rd Is a Review of the Kingdom of Judah. Ps. 125.

By William T. Ellis.

Opportunely, this study of the decline of ancient Judah coincides with the opening of the much heralded "Men and Religion" campaign in this country. The latter seeks to arouse the men of the entire nation to a sense of their religious responsibility. The enterprise is about the biggest project undertaken in the history of organized church work on this western continent, and it embodies the idea of patriotism and social religion along with personal piety in a manner that will probably arrest the attention of thoughtful people everywhere. The completeness of the organization, with "campaigns" in 90 cities as pivotal centers, is altogether up to date.

After all has been said, this most unusual and modern enterprise has nothing essential in it that is not expressed by the history of ancient Judah. These three "teams" of experts, who are to canvass the country, in the name of the organized religion of North America, are merely the present-day substitutes for the old prophets, who called Judah back to Jehovah. The need is the same; a sense that the people are going away from God, in the blind following of theworld's fashions; and that continued life and true prosperity for America consist in her remaining loyal to her unique mission among the nations.

Is a "Peculiar" Nation Needed.

This is the day of world standardization. Massachusetts shoes, Philadelphia hats and Troy linen are being worn in China and Japan. The clothes of the women in Moscow and Warsaw are quite the latest fashions in New York. Superficially there is nothing more noticeable in a tour of the whole earth than the similarity of styles and usages that is being rapidly effected everywhere.

How deep does this principle run? Are we to have no distinctive and peculiar nations? The Jews of old had a mission to mankind, which they were to express by adhering rigidly to their distinctive traits. When they ceased to be different from their neighbors and followed the prevailing fashions, they were wiped out as useless. Does that law no longer prevail? Do nations now fulfill their highest destiny by being as like as possible to other nations?

Nobody can study closely the world of today, and especially the older nations, without being convinced that the place and mission of America—and by America I mean North America, for there is no essential difference in the ideals of Canada and of the United States—are as absolutely distinctive as was that of ancient Judah. The new life of the old Orient is being shaped principally by the history and idealism of this new west, which has been providentially placed in its magnificent geographical isolation in order to work out a unique destiny. A veritable teacher and prophet among the nations are we. What may vaguely be called the American spirit is the most powerful leaven at work on the earth today. No sordid, material influence this; it is high idealism and spirituality. It spells liberty and brotherhood and justice and emancipation. Those great conceptions which created this western world are today the deepest need and desire of uncounted millions of earth's people who are heirs of oppression, subordination, ignorance and fatalism. Judah failed to be true to her mission, and she not only forfeited her own existence but she also failed to serve the nations to whom she had been commissioned a schoolmaster.

Where Politics Becomes Religion.

All this is more than politics or statesmanship; it is religion. For the deepest concerns of the life of an individual or a nation are always religious; and politics is really shaped in the depths of a people's character. Party platforms have less to do with a nation's political character than its religious books. The preacher is a greater man than the politician; and the statesman achieves real greatness only when he is primarily a prophet. It is safe to say that, if this "Men and Religion" campaign, which is just now being launched, achieves its proper dimensions, it will bulk more powerfully in the nation's life than all the busy maneuvering which at the same time is engaging the politicians.

A primary lesson of history, which cannot too often be reiterated, is that religion is the first factor in a nation's life. The great and growing peoples of the present time are those with a vital faith. French magazines have been lamenting the condition of their nation, as compared with that of Great Britain, revealed at the coronation; but few of them perceive that the secret lies in France's loss of real religion; whereas, as the coronation ceremonies indicated, the mainspring of Britain's life is a sense of responsibility to God. One may even go farther and point out that a fundamental reason for Germany's lack of success as a colonizing power, and one cause of the world's distrust of her designs, is that she has not carried with her into the government of colonies that deep religious sense of stewardship and responsibility for her subjects' welfare, which has marked the United States and Great Britain. Both these great nations are, in a broad sense, missionary nations; they have felt themselves to be taking up the white man's burden, and to be custodians of the welfare of weaker peoples. All of which is but the outworking of an inwrought Christian conviction on the part of the people.

Some Things That Abide.

Old Judah's problem was primarily, then, one of men and religion. Two things which can never be divorced are the character of a people and the state of their nation. When the people of Judah, under the judges and under King David, gave themselves to their first work of serving Jehovah, they had success over their enemies, and prosperity in their home affairs. When, under Solomon, they fell beneath the glamour of worldly fashions, especially in the matter of religion, they entered upon a decline that was inner and spiritual before it became manifest and political. The first step toward the Babylonian exile was taken when the people turned their face away from Jehovah, who had made them a nation.

The whole is but equal to the sum of its parts. That we learned in school days, but its application to things social, civic and national comes only with maturer observation. Give us godly men and we shall have a great nation. One of our present-day poets, who sings his songs in the daily press, S. E. Kiser, has voiced the present need for men:—

"Men Wanted—Men who will be strong,
Not where the tide of battle rolls,
But where the rogue whose purse is long
Would buy our rights and claim our souls!
Men Wanted—Men who can withstand
The money in the tempter's hand.

"Men Wanted—Men who can be brave,
Not facing foreign foes in arms,
But where the selfish would enslave
By spreading money's subtle charms!
Men Wanted—Men with strength to lead
Unhindered and unsmirched by greed.

"Men Wanted—Men who have been born
With pride and strength enough to face
Debauchery and treat with scorn
Its promises of wealth and place!
Men Wanted—Men who can take
The honest course for manhood's sake."

Three Kinds of Men.

In Judah's short days—for three hundred and fifty years seem but episodal in the long sweep of history—the power of the man born to high place was greater than now. The king's divine right was accepted by all—except the few rivals who would overthrow him. This was no great reserve of outspoken public opionion, such as is the strength of our modern democracies. The king was far above the people. A modern nation can get along fairly well, even though its king be a rake or a fool. Not so in Judah's day. Thus we find three outstanding factors in the life of that kingdom to be the good kings, the bad kings and the prophets. There were a number of colorless kings, who may be passed by without comment.

That the nation lived so long as it did was due primarily to the good kings—Hezekiah, Asa, Jehasphapha, Josiah. The history of Judah was like a mountainous sky-line, with the good kings as the mountain peaks. They made their people to turn to God. Forever they stand as illustrous of the truth that one man has power to lead many men to do good. Now that people choose their own rulers it may reasonably be said to be incumbent upon them to see that these rulers are men with that first qualification for good citizenship, the fear of the Lord.

The power of one small boy in a neighborhood for mischief is the wonder and despair of parents. It seems as if one such is able to offset the influence of half a dozen good boys, plus all the anxious parents concerned. It was so with the mischief-making kings of Judah. They made the people to sin. The warnings of the prophets, the strong pull of the nation's providential history, the example of their pious predecessors, all seemed to be nullified, when kings like Rehoboam, Joash, Ahaz, Manasseh and Jehoiakim came to the throne. The people who condone or suffer wickedness in a public official are trifling with their own and their children's welfare.

Like beacons beckoning a bewildered traveler on a dark night, were the prophets of Judah—Isaiah, Jeremiah, Ezekial and Daniel. The man with a word of truth is the divine corrective in the life of society. A nation is never in the worst state so long as it has fearless, disinterested men, who will proclaim the wise word of true counsel. The real test of the power of tadoy's "Men and Religion" movement in America will be whether the speakers, who have been so carefully chosen and for whose coming such unprecedented preparations have been made, are mere phonographs, or living prophets. Never was the time more ripe for the word of seers who have seen clearly into our own day, and into the hearts of men, and into the will of God.

As we look back upon the kingdom of Judah we see that, from the days of perverse King Rehoboam to the days of perverse King Zedekiah, blind and a captive in chains, the underlying evil of the nation was its neglect of God's clear word, and failure to follow the path he had clearly marked out. Written over all those troublesome generations we may clearly read "Righteousness exalteth a nation, but sin is a reproach to any people."

Varieties

Ginseng sells at Amoy, China, for $1.65 a pound in gold, retail.

Germany has a canal boat operated by a trolley. It works to perfection.

The Ceylon production has decreased, owing to the planting of rubber on tea lands.

Ruffles became fashionable in masculine attire in the year 1520, and went out of style in 1790.

England has 12,000,000 cattle, which is a small number when compared with other countries.

There are 85 narrow gauge railroads (three-foot gauge) on the North American continent.

A Rochester girl, says the Herald, refused a young man 12 times because he smoked cigarettes.

Statistics show that fully one-third of the marriages among the poorer classes of Japan end in divorce.

The earliest record of a total eclipse of the sun is given for the year 603 B. C. by the historian, Herodotus.

As the result of a three weeks' fishing trip to Iceland a Grimsby trawler, Earl Monmouth, has made $6,000.

On the Great Northern railroad 112 locomotives are now being changed from coal burners to oil burners.

In five years there has been a wonderful change for the better in the operation and equipment of Chinese schools.

There are over 500 Filipinos residing in New York, and 75 of them have formed a club in Brooklyn.

Chinese wild silk is said to be practically indestructible. It can be buried for over a year without great ill effect.

The work on changing and enlarging the Suez canal has been in progress almost constantly since its opening in 1869.

There are 29 princesses, six duchesses, 72 baronesses and eight viscountesses of American birth.

Dr. Eliot writes to the New York Times that the greatest menace to the public schools of the United States is politics.

Out of every 100 male children born in France 70 per cent now survive, as against 67 per cent a few years ago.

During the last year over 12,000,000 gallons of wine in casks and 1,731,417 gallons in bottles were imported into England.

Although automobile and cycle tires use vast quantities of rubber, greater quantities are used in the boot and shoe industry.

During the present year the Philippine board of public works is spending $4,000,000, largely on irrigation and schools.

Rebecca Kruttschnitt, daughter of Julius Kruttschnitt, multi-millionaire railroad man, is more interested in art than in society.

Syrup or other liquids will not drip from a pitcher if a little butter or other kind of grease is rubbed on the edge and under side of the lip.

Between 1901 and 1910, inclusive, 88 Alpinists lost their lives in the Central Alps of Europe, an average of nearly 100 a year.

The United States government is the fourth to establish an aeronautical laboratory. Belgium, France and Russia have already done so.

Socialist Representative Berger declares that we shall have old-age pensions in this country within five years and a new constitution within ten.

Engineers declare that the waterfalls of the Alps are capable of generating enough electrical power to run all the railroads of Switzerland.

Women are not admitted to the two imperial universities of Japan. Quite recently, however, a private university for women was established at Tokio.

The great collection of Franz Hals paintings, now the principal pride of Haarlem, lay rolled up for about a century in an attic as worthless rags.

The orange tree that first produced the navel orange is still growing and bearing fruit at Riverside, Cal. It is highly prized and is protected by a high iron fence.

The number of cotton spindles in the world is estimated at 135,000,000, of which number 20,000,000 have been set in operation within the last four years.

While salt is produced in almost every country in the world, it is stated that nowhere can salt of such purity be obtained at anything like the cost of mining as in Louisiana.

To save the loss of box lumber because of knot holes a man in California has invented a machine to saw the holes out to a uniform size and cut plugs to be fitted into the holes.

Deposits of turquoise have been worked in Arizona, California, Colorado, Nevada, New Mexico and Texas. Turquoise is generaly found in arid or desert regions, where mining is difficult.

Recent statistics show 332 centenarians at present alive in Bulgaria, of whom 188 are women. Ten peasants are over 125, 88 between 120 and 125, and 234 more than 110 years old.

An explosion of the Taal volcano in the Philippines, last January, was heard for the almost incredible distance of 300 miles, as verified by reports received afterward.

The practice of adoption in Japan is very common. Young men who wish to obtain influence often have themselves adopted. It sometimes happens that a son is older than his father.

The percentage of women breadwinners in this country has increased 4.1, while the percentage of men has increased only 1.3. Pennsylvania leads with a higher percentage of 4.5 of women.

About 130 pounds of free baggage is allowed on each first-class ticket in Japan, and baggage will be delivered by station porters within a radius of four miles, at two and one-half cents a piece.

Since Queen Mary of England selected the sweet pea as her favorite flower the vogue for this dainty blossom has grown apace. It is found in millinery, dress good, ribbons and all accessories.

There are 500 American women in Europe who left their native land as the brides of so-called noblemen. Out of these, 200 have been divorced or are separated from their husbands.

The secretary of agriculture declares that the beautiful forest tree that bears the English walnut would do well in this country. It spreads like an oak and has a fine feathery foilage that fills the air with fragrance.

Yeggmen of today seldom take anything but paper money after blowing a safe, though they sometimes carry off coins in addition. The old-time bank burglar made it a point to seize **valuable papers as a basis for dickering for immunity.**

FAT is Dangerous

Over-Fatness Shortens Life, Causes Heart Failure, Loss of Vigor, Kidney and Stomach Troubles. Spoils Figure, Is Uncomfortable, Unsightly.

Let Me Send You My Proof Treatment Absolutely Free.

WOULD YOU LIKE TO REDUCE YOUR FAT A POUND A DAY?

ILLUSTRATIONS SHOW REDUCTION OF 98 POUNDS.

My treatment is intended to make you look and feel years younger; to aid in giving you beautiful figure, skin, eyes, full womanly health and attractiveness, the kind that husbands adore and all others admire.

THOUSANDS OF TESTIMONIALS.

Lost 115 Pounds. Mrs. E. M. Reynolds writes: "When I began your treatment I weighed 285 lbs. I now weigh 170 lbs., and **never felt better** in my life. My bust measure is reduced from 54 inches to 38 inches; waist from 42 inches to 28 inches."

Permanent. M. E. King writes: "By the Dr. Bradford Method **I reduced 35 lbs.**, eight years ago; haven't gained an ounce since. Rheumatism also cured."

Reduced 90 Pounds. W. R. Dennison writes: "I tried many so-called remedies, but got no satisfaction until I adopted the Dr. Bradford treatment, and have reduced 90 lbs. easily. Am now able to attend to my hotel business **without the feeling of being tired out** before evening comes on."

Weighs 60 Pounds Less. Mrs. Philip Fisher writes: "I was **a great sufferer from obesity.** It made me feel sick most of the time; had pains in back and **could hardly walk.** Am now able to tell another story; my **troubles have disappeared** and am **feeling fine.** Have lost 60 lbs. by your treatment."

Reduction 56 Pounds. Mrs. Alice Rouse writes: "**Health comes before everything else,** and your treatment has brought it to me; the loss of fat has been 56 lbs., and I have had many other benefits."

Lost 98 Pounds. Mrs. J. H. Wooldridge writes: "My figure and appearance have been wonderfully improved, have lost 98 lbs. **Friends amazed.**"

Saved Her Life. A. G. Osgood writes: "**You saved Mrs. Osgood's life;** she was so fat that she had **fatty heart;** doctor said she could not live over a month, and was **liable to die** any moment. We got your treatment, loss of fat has been about 60 lbs. and her health marvellously benefited. No fear of dying now, doctors say."

Lost 112 Pounds. W. C. Newburn writes: "I have lost 112 lbs., am **wonderfully** benefited in heart and general vigor. Can climb mountains easily."

Full testimonials, from which above extracts were taken (with addresses), also many others, will be sent you.

I OFFER FREE PROOF TREATMENT

The testimonials printed in this advertisement are but a few of thousands. After you write me for my Free **Proof Treatment,** I will mail you a legion of testimonials, with names and full addresses of persons whose **weight has been reduced** and **perfect health restored.** You can write to or call upon former patients, who willingly, yea **gladly allow the use of their names.** My Treatment reduces one pound daily in many cases and is positively **safe, harmless, guaranteed.** My Method is intended to make you look **years younger,** improves figure and complexion, gives surpassing vigor, induces **cheerfulness** and **joy** in healthy womanhood. SEND FOR MY FREE BOOK. *I believe you will say it is worth its weight in gold!*

Men and **Women:** Improve your health, become as active, physically and mentally as at age of 18 years! My treatment is **gentle,** wastes no time. Results noticeable daily. **No wrinkles,** no darkness under eyes, no flabbiness. **No starving,** no severe or time-taking exercising. Mine is absolutely the most perfected method—**the triumph of therapeutics** and pharmacology in the cure of obesity. Beware of quacks who imitate my advertising.

You can place absolute confidence in me. I will treat you by mail as satisfactorily as if you were to come here. **You will be surprised and delighted** with the daily reduction and benefits to personal appearance, vigor and general health. Correspondence sacredly confidential. Plain envelopes used for my letters.

Get Rid of Your Needless Fat

It is **dangerous,** unsightly, uncomfortable and embarrassing to be too fat. Excess fat weakens the heart. The liver, stomach and kidneys become diseased, breathing is difficult, blood impure and congested, and you may come in **sudden death** by **HEART FAILURE, APOPLEXY, APPENDICITIS,** etc. You may save yourself from these **DANGERS.**

Let me **prove to you** that my treatment will positively reduce needless fat, no matter where excess fat is located, stomach, bust, hips, cheeks, neck, double-chin; it will **healthfully, quickly, safely and lastingly** be reduced, without exercise or dieting; **your figure improved.** Would you like **clear, pure skin;** no wrinkles? **Lost vigor restored.** Rheumatism, asthma, shortness of breath, kidney and heart troubles, female ailments in women, often leave as the fat goes away. I will send you without a cent of charge to you, my **FREE PROOF TREATMENT.**

FREE

Don't **miss this offer.** My **PROOF TREATMENT is FREE.** It should make you feel better at once. I also send you **Free** my **Book of Valuable Advice,** with testimonials from many well-known people. Everything mailed in plain wrapper. Keep this advertisement. **Write to me to-day. Address:**

DR. H. C. BRADFORD, 11 J, Bradford Bldg, 20 E. 22d St, New York, N.Y.

NOTICE.—Dr. Bradford is a diplomated, registered, licentiate practising physician of the State of N.Y., with a long record of success in quickly, gently and safely reducing the weight of over-stout men and women. You can place your confidence in him. Your letter to the Doctor will receive prompt, friendly, confidential attention.

SHOWING REDUCTION OF 112 POUNDS.

My treatment aims to give you perfect health with true, manly vigor. Women and men will be attracted to you. LIVE YOUR YOUTH OVER AGAIN!

$3.50 Recipe Free, For Weak Men

Send Name and Address Today ...You Can Have It Free and Be Strong and Vigorous.

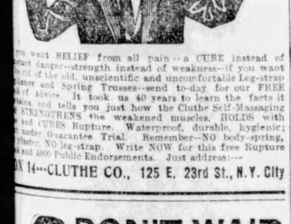
I have in my possession a prescription for various debility, lack of vigor, weakened manhood, failing memory and lame back, brought on by excesses, unnatural drains, or the follies of youth, that has cured so many worn and nervous men right in their own homes—without any additional help or medicine—that I think every man who wishes to regain his manly power and vitality, quickly and quietly, should have a trial. So I have determined to send a copy of the prescription, free of charge, in a plain, ordinary sealed envelope to any man who will write me for it.

This prescription comes from a physician who has made a special study of men and I am convinced it is the surest-acting combination for the cure of deficient manhood and vigor that ever got together.

I think I owe it to my fellow men to send them a copy in confidence so that any man anywhere who is weak and discouraged with repeated failures may stop drugging himself with harmful patent medicines, secure what I believe is the quickest-acting restorative, invigorating, SPOT-TOUCHING remedy ever devised, so cure himself at home quietly and quickly.

So drop me a line like this: Dr. A. E. Robinson, 2686 Luck Building, Detroit, Mich., and I will send you a copy of this splendid recipe in a plain ordinary envelope free of charge. As many doctors would charge $3.00 to $5.00 merely writing out a prescription like this—I send it entirely free.

Trusses Like These A Crime



Men want RELIEF from all pain—a CURE instead of danger—strength instead of weakness—if you want proof of the old, unscientific and uncomfortable Leg-strap Elastic and Spring Trusses—send to-day for our FREE Book of Advice. It took us 40 years to learn the facts it tells you just how the Cluthe Self-Massaging ELECTRO-MAGNETIC APPLIANCE with ELECTRIC ATTACHMENTS the weakened muscles, HOLDS with EASE and CURES Rupture. Waterproof, durable, hygienic; under Guarantee Trial. Remember—NO body-spring, NO leg-strap. Write NOW for this free Rupture Book and 4000 Public Endorsements. Just address—

BOX 14—CLUTHE CO., 125 E. 23rd St., N.Y. City

DON'T WAIT

Send your name today, and we will mail you a full $1 box of Biel's Nerve Tablets on trial. If they prove that they will restore you to health, give back your vigor, and make you feel strong, healthy and vigorous, equal to the pleasures of life, send us $1, otherwise we ask nothing—not a penny, we leave it to you to judge. If you are run down, have dizzy spells, are nervous, Lack Strength, Vim, Vigor, Vitality, Memory, Appetite, are thin, pain over heart or shoulder, send your name and address at once for a box on trial. When sure that they are what we claim for them by actual trial, then you pay us $1, but if uncertain, you pay nothing. Can prove it to you. Write today.

BIEL MFG. CO. Dept. 838 Denver, Colo.

DROPSY TREATED. Give quick relief, usually remove swelling and short breath in a few days and entire relief in 15-45 days, trial treatment FREE. Dr. Greens Sons, Box A, Atlanta, Ga.

ECZEMA

CAN BE CURED. My mild, soothing, guaranteed cure and FREE SAMPLE proves it. STOP THE ITCHING to stay. WRITE NOW—TODAY. DR. CANNADAY, 343 Park Square, Sedalia, Mo.

LADIES $1000 Reward! I positively guarantee my Green Diamond "MONTHLY" Remedy. Safe. Successful. Relieves some of the longest, most obstinate, alarming cases in 3 to 6 days. No harm, pain or interference with work. MAIL $1.50. Double Strength $2.00. Dr. D. SOUTHINGTON CO., KANSAS CITY, MO.

SECRETS FOR WOMEN in our catalog of RUBBER GOODS, TOILET SUPPLIES. Send 2c stamp. Drug Supply House, 45-60 Wabash Av., Chicago

APPLAUD AT LYNCHING

Oklahoma Mob Burns Woman's Assailant in Main Street of Town.

Purcell, Okla., August 25.—While 3,000 men, women and children stood by, shouting their approval, Peter Carter, a negro who had been captured by three members of his own race, and identified as the man who last night attacked Mrs. Minnie Spraggins, wife of a farmer, was burned to death on a brush pile in the main street of Purcell at 5 o'clock yesterday afternoon. Deputy Sheriff Hayes and Under Sheriff Farris, who attempted to rescue the negro from the crowd, were overpowered and locked in the court house.

Mrs. Spraggins was assaulted while in her home, one mile south of Purcell. After the deed the negro set fire to the Spraggins home. Mrs. Spraggins' husband saw the flames while working in the fields and rushed into the house in time to rescue his wife. She said that Carter, who formerly worked on the Spraggins farm, had attacked her. Carter was found and taken into custody, but on the way to jail Carter escaped. Farmers of the neighborhood made an all night search for Carter, but in vain.

Farmer Assumes Command.

This afternoon Hugh Henry, a negro janitor, noticed a strange negro hiding under a box car near the Oklahoma Central railway station. With the aid of two other negroes who had armed themselves to aid in the search for Mrs. Spraggins' assailant, the negro janitor pulled Carter from beneath the car. He was taken to the main street of Purcell, where a great crowd had gathered.

"Turn that nigger over to me," said a tall farmer who suddenly seemed to assume command of the crowd.

The janitor and his two aides obeyed. Carter was taken across the street and in an instant many men and boys were gathering brush and piling it around his feet. At this juncture Deputy Sheriff Hayes and Under Sheriff Farris arrived and pleaded with the mob to turn the prisoner over to the law.

Lock Up Sheriff.

"Men of Purcell, if you lynch this man it will be the darkest blot on yourselves and the town of Purcell that any town ever experienced."

"That's all right, Sheriff," shouted one of the mob, "but we must protect our wives and daughters from black hounds."

The sheriff pleaded with the mob saying the negro would be given an instant trial and that there would be no chance for him to escape. After the sheriff had concluded the officers were led to the court house presumably to confer with some of the leaders. As they entered a room in the building, the key was turned in the lock and the officers were held prisoners until the negro was dead.

SNARE 3 SHARKS IN FIGHT

Prominent Philadelphians Win in Struggle With Gigantic Fish.

Philadelphia, August 25.—Various coast resorts teem with the story of a thrilling shark hunt off the coast of Maine, in which A. J. Drexel Paul, Dr. Alexander Biddle, A. J. Drexel Biddle, Dr. O'Neill and Livingston Biddle, of this city, took part.

Three monster sharks were captured after a desperate fight. They weighed, in all, more than 2,600 pounds. The sharks were taken aboard the yacht Alceda and skinned. Their skulls will be mounted and preserved as trophies. One was 11 feet long.

26 KILLED IN A PANIC

Reward Offered for the Man Who Shouted "Fire."

Canonsburg, Pa., August 28.—Deeds of almost unbelievable inhumanity during the moving picture show panic that resulted in the loss of 26 lives and the injury to 60 other persons in the Canonsburg opera house Saturday night are told today.

The terror-stricken man whose frantic and unnecessary shriek of "Fire!" brought about the disaster, escaped by clambering over the prostrate heads of his victims. A reward of $500 is offered by J. R. Ferguson, proprietor of the film show, for the identification and apprehension of this man.

When the moving picture machine developed a slight defect there occurred a noise like "click." Then the man who shouted "Fire!" started for the narrow exit. Bolus Dubrowski, a miner, a giant in proportions, jumped from his seat and ran wildly for the same exit. In a moment there was a fighting, struggling mass after him.

Rolls Down Stairs

tA the head of a narrow stairway which led to the street the foreigner tripped. As he rolled down the stairs he swept from their feet others who were waiting their turn to enter the theatre, and soon there was an indescribable pile of human beings at the foot of the steps, battling like mad.

Like the Boyerstown panic in 1908, the tragedy is another tale of stairways that proved deathtraps. The film show was on an upper floor. Fire escapes were provided on the front of the building, but they were not practical. Exits leading to them, it is charged, were closed in such a way that women and children were unable to open them. The stairways offered the only recourse and on these occurred frightful loss of life.

When the film entitled, in bitter irony, A Little Child Shall Lead Them, flared up, the audience of 1,000 persons rushed like a herd of cattle before a prairie fire for the stairway leading to the first floor. One little girl screamed and tugged at one of the doors leading to the fire escapes. They would not yield. She took her chance with the panicky throngs in the stairway and lost her life.

DREAMING CHILD SETS AFIRE

Lights Match in Closet to Find Mythical Dress and Is Burned.

Chester, Pa., August 24.—While walking in her sleep yesterday morning, Marie, a little daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George McGovern, lighted a match and set fire to clothing in a closet.

The child was dreaming that she was about to put on a new skirt and lit the match to find the garment. About $50 worth of clothing was burned and Marie was burned about the hands and arms.

GEESE BRING TRAIN TO A HALT

Birds Decline to Vacate Track at Whistle's Blasts.

Winsted, Conn., August 24.—A flock of geese owned by Mrs. Robert Bradley, of Oakville, delayed a train running from Oakville to Watertown yesterday by blocking the track.

The geese did not seem in the least disturbed when the engineer blew his whistle.

To prevent a slaughter, the engine driver stopped the train and waited for the birds to waddle off the track.

ROOSEVELT LOSES OLD-TIME VIGOR?

Friend Comments on the Change in Physical Being and Mental Attitude.

New York, August 25. — According to the New York Press, a man who has known Theodore Roosevelt intimately for many years, but who, through absence abroad, had not seen him for twelve months, went to call on the colonel the other day. While he was talking to Roosevelt and afterward, he could think of little but the portentous physical change that had taken place in the Roosevelt of today as compared to the man he had last seen a year ago.

In place of the ruddy face, with its expression of enormous vigor, and the erect body, that was as forceful as the square jaw, he saw a face heavily marked with deep lines, hollows under the eyes and almost bloodless.

The shoulders were bent and there was an air of lassitude about the whole personality of the colonel that was as striking and as shocking to the caller as were the physical changes.

Resting Injury to Colonel?

It made him think of the old, old query, "Is resting rusting?" which he had heard many times of late in club corners and in circles where politicians and others gather. And the cause for the inquiry has been, in many instances, the comparatively passive attitude which Col. Roosevelt has assumed toward large pending questions. Also the singularly significant manner in which he has turned aside from participation, not merely in matters of national politics but of former personal activities.

There are no conferences as there were a year ago. The White House is at Washington or at Beverly and even the home of the Republican state committee of New York is in this city permanently, with not even a summer habitation at Oyster Bay. And this may not be that either the people or the politicians have changed, for volatile though they may be, they are not ungrateful, but that the colonel, in their judgment, has changed.

Whether it is that he has turned away from the plow and wants to rest in the shade of the work he has done, or that his tremendous activities in the busiest life this country has seen in a generation, if not in a century, have wearied him, no one may say, but his closest intimates and his warmest friends profess to feel a change.

It may be that they fail to make the reasonable allowance that necessarily exists between the presidential chair and the chair of an editor or the desk of a thinker, or it may be that Col. Roosevelt himself realizes the difference there is between the actual executor of the laws and the mere general counselor of the people.

Changes in Mental Attitude.

There are many friends who have commented on the sudden calm into which a life so strenuous as his has fallen. There are some who profess to see signs of fatigue in a body that seemed as sound as an oak matured—an oak, the knots on which, brought on by stress of contest, served only to emphasize its own transcendent vigor.

The deep lines that have begun to furrow his face, the hollows under the hard worked eyes, the shoulders rounding from the burdens imposed on them—all these might be accounted for, but there are other changes which suggest possibly a desire for leisure or a disgust at conditions that do not appeal to him.

There is lacking the breezy buoyancy and the once ever present prediction for tilting with an adversary that once was such a dominant characteristic in his personality.

Refuses to Make Speeches.

It was only a short while ago that, in a letter declining to speak at Springfield, Ill., Mr. Roosevelt added, unnecessarily and with a petulance that was foreign to him, that he did not propose to make any more speeches this year. Even when all the onerous duties of the chief magistracy rested upon him he was ever ready to meet the public. But this year he seeks quiet.

One may not assume he is sulking or that he is waiting for a condition either in his party or in public affairs that will sound a call for him. That would not accord with his record, and so the only conclusion that may be accepted is that a change has come over him and that mayhap he is beginning to realize the saying of a philosopher that "the most melancholy product of the American governmental system is an ex-president."

There has been an appreciation by his friends that his position is one singularly irksome to a man of his diversity of interests and of his record of activities. He is in that period in which leisure follows too hastily upon the heels of extraordinary industry. He may not intrude in public affairs without being misunderstood or being chastised by the people.

No Avenue to Retire.

Unlike the late President Harrison, Mr. Roosevelt has no avenue through which he may continue to work along lines the more congenial by reason of having been president. Harrison, for example, returned to the practice of law.

It was not so with Col. Roosevelt. He had no profession to welcome him back. His entire career had been in the public service, and he suddenly found himself dropped from the work of a lifetime into a situation wholly repulsive to him. He couldn't be inactive. He got literary work to do, but literary work had been but an incident with him. So he planned for a spectacular big hunting trip which would be rounded off with a visit to the monarchs and presidents in Europe.

There was the continuance of the strenuous life. His conquest of the jungle was brilliantly executed and vividly pictured. His reception in foreign countries excelled that ever accorded to any other individual. He returned at the head of an army of correspondents and photographers, and a public reception was given him.

HEADACHE TABLET KILLS MAN

Salesman Succumbs After Taking Anti-Kamnia Composition.

Webster, Ia., August 25.—Irving Bossert, of this city, a traveling salesman, died in the hospital yesterday afternoon after having been in a state of coma since Wednesday morning, 10 minutes after taking an anti-kamnia composition headache tablet in Alta Wednesday. He fell unconscious in the street and never rallied.

FARM ANIMALS GAIN

Census Statistics Indicate Gain for the State in Decade of $71,266,000.

Washington, August 24.—Aggregate value of all the domestic animals, poultry and bees on farms in Ohio increased $71,266,000, or 56.6 per cent, between 1900 and 1910, according to census statistics issued yesterday. The total value in 1910 is given as $197,221,000, of which $187,412,000 is apportioned among domestic animals, an increase of 55.6 per cent; $9,533,000 to poultry, a gain of 87.4 per cent, and $276,000 to bees, a decrease of 31.5 per cent.

Horses and colts had a greater value than any other class of domestic animals, both in 1910 and in 1900. Their total value in 1910 was $98,853,000, an increase of 97.1 per cent. Next in value came cattle, worth $51,370,000, followed by swine, with a total value of $19,403,000, an increase of 64.3 per cent. Sheep and lambs increased 36.3 per cent; mules and mule colts 94.7 per cent, and asses and burros 224.3 per cent.

Over Half in Horses.

Horses and mules in 1910 constituted 51.5 per cent of the value of all live stock; cattle, 26 per cent, swine, 9.8 per cent; sheep and lambs, 7.6 per cent; poultry, 4.8 per cent; bees, 0.1 per cent, and goats and kids and asses and burros, each less than one-tenth of 1 per cent.

The total number of farms in the state in 1910 was 271,283. Of these, 95.9 per cent, or 260,201, reported domestic animals; 89.9 per cent, or 244,061, reported cattle; 89.6 per cent, or 243,215, reported horses and colts; 70.3 per cent, or 190,725, reported swine; 26.4 per cent, or 71,523, reported sheep or lambs, and 3.9 per cent, or 10,621, reported mules or mule colts. Only 0.3 per cent, or 928, reported goats or kids, and 0.1 per cent, or 259, reported asses or burros.

Average Values Compared.

The value of the different classes of live stock in 1910 is given as follows:

	Value.	Av. value.
Dairy cows	$33,944,132	$ 87.92
Other cows	3,650,274	25.78
Heifers	3,781,637	16.08
Calves	1,918,694	7.51
Steers and bulls born in 1909	2,337,249	17.90
Steers and bulls born before Jan. 1, 1909	5,500,723	35.15
Class not specified	31,610	30.05
Mares, stallions and geldings	93,317,941	114.56
Colts born in 1909	4,785,651	65.12
Colts born after January 1, 1910	749,516	33.78
Mules	2,653,929	127.06
Mule colts born in 1909	107,501	67.15
Mule colts born after Jan. 1, 1910	11,976	34.71
Asses and burros	61,560	126.15
Hogs and pigs born before Jan. 1, 1910	16,172,039	10.28
Pigs born after January 1, 1910	3,231,115	2.11
Ewes	10,259,035	4.72
Rams and wethers	3,071,637	4.38
Lambs borns after January 1, 1910	1,592,118	1.50
Goats and kids	17,843	3.32

The summary on poultry shows that the total number of farms reporting the different kinds in 1910 was 253,085, the total number of fowls being 17,342,289, and the total value $9,533,000.

SLIGHTLY DAMAGED BIBLES AT SACRIFICE PRICES.

I had the misfortune to have several hundred Protestant and Catholic Bibles slightly damaged in transit. The damage is so slight it would take an expert to detect it, and yet I do not propose to put out anything to my trade that is not absolutely first-class, without making due explanation. Bibles such as these have never been sold for less than $5.00 and frequently have sold at $7.50 and $10.00. They are beautifully bound in leather with gilt edges, and are known as the **Self-Pronouncing New Illuminated Bible.** They contain marginal references, a concordance and over 800 illustrations.

The Catholic Bibles are the authorized Douay Version, bound in Limp Russia Leather.

My Proposition.

Send me $1.34 and I will send you by express, charges prepaid, your choice of either a Protestant or Catholic Bible, with the understanding that if found unsatisfactory same can be returned and money refunded.

W. H. REDWIN, 510 THE ARCADE Cleveland, Ohio.

The editor of The Blade knows this concern to be thoroughly trustworthy and reliable.

INDIANA LAWYER SLAIN

Shelbyville Citizen Is Shot Down by Brother-in-Law of U. S. Senator.

Shelbyville, Ind., August 26.—Charles Tindall, an attorney of this city, was shot twice in the right side by Edward C. Van Pelt yesterday and died one-half hour later. Van Pelt gave himself up to the police and was placed in jail without bond.

Van Pelt is a brother-in-law of United States Senator Works, of California. He is a civil war veteran and an active lodge worker. He is about 60 years old and has a family. He said the trouble was over Court of Honor matters. Tindall was supreme director of the lodge here. Mrs. Van Pelt was re-elected secretary of the lower court two years ago, but recently resigned.

Tindall was going toward his home on his way to dinner in company with Thomas Whittaker, who is employed in his office. They had walked only a few blocks, when Van Pelt, who was seated in a chair in front of a drug store, saw them coming. He stepped toward them and fired one shot, which went through Tindall's coat sleeve. The lawyer jumped back of Whittaker, but another bullet struck him in the right side. He ran into the pharmacy where he said.

"My God, he's got me this time!" and fell unconscious.

There were no words between the two men before the shooting and Van Pelt was probably not more than two feet from the lawyer when he fired.

Van Pelt, in a statement at the jail, said Tindall made a charge to the national officers of the Court of Honor that his wife, while secretary of the local lodge, had misused lodge funds. Mrs. Van Pelt, rather than stand the strain of such a fight and battle for her rights, withdrew from the lodge.

Van Pelt declared that since then Tindall had not passed on the street without sneering at him.

Mrs. Van Pelt is prostrated by the trouble. Tindall was 38 years old. His widow is a daughter of George M. Wright.

INTEREST GROWS IN ALFALFA CROP

Failures Declared to Be Due to Soil Rather Than to Climate.

Each year the interest in alfalfa growing is increasing. There would be a more general interest taken were it not for the reports of so many farmers failing with it. These failures, however, are caused more from the condition and nature of the soil rather than the climate. It has been advised to use barnyard manure and especially to grow cowpeas or soja beans in the plot of land and follow these with alfalfa. The land must be put in a rich condition—25 tons of stable manure to the acre would be a good investment. Even should the stand of alfalfa be a failure, the manure would not be wasted. The land should be well drained. Should the soil be very tough, heavy limestone clay, loosen it up by means of heavy manuring else it will throw out the alfalfa the first winter. A limestone soil is best. If such a soil is not available spread evenly about 20 bushels per acre of freshly slaked lime tnd harow it.

If a good stand is obtained it will be the making of the land. Two wagon loads of soil taken from the roofs of the growing alfalfa will inoculate another acre for the extension of the crop, and it can be thus carried on until half the farm is in alfalfa. The bacteria acts like yeast in dough. The bacteria will continue to spread. There is no deception about the truthfulness of bacteria in the soil producing alfalfa. Many soils already have the bacteria, but such soils always have much humus and nitrogen in them.

A Few Alfalfa Facts.

Alfalfa seed weighs 60 pounds to the bushel. For a hay crop sow 20 to 30 pounds of seed per acre. For a crop of seed sow 14 to 18 pounds per acre. Seed clean seed.

Sow alone without any nurse crop. The latter is often just as harmful as the weeds.

Screen alfalfa seed before sowing, to separate the dodder and other weed seeds. Dodder is the worst enemy of alfalfa.

Do not cover the seed too deep.

Alfalfa does not attain maturity, until the third or fourth year; therefore, do not sow it expecting to get the best results in less time.

Alfalfa grows best on a deep, sandy loam underlaid by a loose and permeable subsoil. It will not grow if there is an excess of water in the soil. The land must be well drained.

Alfalfa is a deep feeder. Plow land deeply.

Cut for hay when the first flowers appear. If cut in full bloom the hay will be woody and less nutritious.

Cut for seed when the middle clusters of seed pods are dark brown.

To make alfalfa hay cut in the forenoon and let it wilt; then rake into windrows. It should be cured in windrows and cocks, and stacked and put in barns with as little handling as possible before the valuable leaves become too dry and brittle.

It is not safe to pasture either cattle or sheep on alfalfa, as they are liable to bloat when it is fed green. Feed them the hay or practice soiling.

There is no better or cheaper way of growing hogs than to pasture them on alfalfa. One acre will furnish pasturage for from 10 to 20 hogs per season.

Horses can be pastured on alfalfa.

Alfalfa is a perennial, a clover-like plant with oblong shaped leaves, and a tap root which often extends eight or more feet downward. The plant grows to a height of from two to five feet and its blossoms are purple in color, borne in long, loose clusters.

Hok to Cure Alfalfa.

No matter how large the alfalfa it shou'd be cut as soon as it commences to bloom. If left until in full bloom, the next crop will not come on so quickly, or be so large, and hay cut from alfalfa in full bloom is less palatable and does not test nearly as high in protein than the stalk.

It should be raked before the leaves get dry enough to crumble. The leaves contain a fourth more protein than the stalk.

Alfalfa should be cured, for the most part, in the cock. Cases of spontaneous combustion have occurred when put in too green. It should be cured until no juice appears when the stalks are twisted.

The first cutting is generally the hardest to cure. It may be put in the mow pretty green, if interspersed with frequent layers of old hay or straw.

Where silos are used the last cutting can often be run into the silo, intermixing it with the corn ensilage.

The leaves of alfalfa contain more than three times as much protein as the stems, a ton of alfalfa leaves containing as much protein as 2,800 pounds of bran, says Professor Cottrell in a bulletin of the Kansas experiment station. Protein is the material in feed necessary for the formation of blood, lean meat and milk. Every effort then should be made to cure the alfalfa in such a way as to save all the leaves possible. The method of curing will vary with condition of the crop, ground and weather. When alfalfa has made a slow growth, and at the time of cutting, the ground and the weather are dry, there is no difficulty in curing. Often, under these conditions, it is safe to rake within a few hours after mowing and stack a few hours after the alfalfa has been put in the windrows.

When alfalfa has made a rapid growth and is rank and succulent and the weather and ground are damp the problem of curing is a difficult one. It is easy to dry leaves, but the stems will contain much moisture after the leaves are too dry. Alfalfa hay should become so dry before stacking that when a handful of stems are tightly twisted together no water can be squeezed out. The most practical way to accomplish this and at the same time save the leaves, is the plan to adopt and this will vary with different seasons and places.

BUT CRANBERRY CROP IS ROSY

Wareham, Mass., August 23.—From the principal cranberry growing center in the country came the news today that the cranberry crop this year will amount to 13,000 barrels, or 11 per cent more than last year. The gain, according to the Cape Cod cranberry growers' association, which held its annual meeting here today, is due to an increase in acreage.

MAIL ORDER MARKET

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS

These advertisements are full of interest to everybody. Over a million people see these columns every week. Read them carefully and write at once to every advertiser whose proposition appeals to you.

RATE—60 cents per agate line (count seven words to a line). Cash with order. No advertisement accepted for less than two lines or more than twenty-one lines. Forms close Tuesday morning preceding the date of issue

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES.

FREE—"Investing for Profit" Magazine. Send me your name, and I will mail you this magazine absolutely free. Before you invest a dollar anywhere, get this magazine—it is worth $10 a copy to any man who intends to invest $5.00 or more per month. Tell you how $1,000 can grow to $22,000. How to judge different classes of investments, the real power of our money. This magazine six months free, if you write today. H. L. Barber, Publisher, R-407, 28 Jackson Boulevard, Chicago.

BE a big money maker. We teach you how and start you in business for yourself. You can learn on the side and make money hand over fist. Your friends will wonder how you do it. Full particulars free. Antiseptic Manufacturing Co., 1841 Barry avenue, Chicago.

A half interest in a good legitimate business, established four years, will pay 100 per cent. Long lease. Price $1,500. Address R-80, care Blade, Toledo, Ohio.

MALE HELP WANTED.

MEN wanted for government positions. October examinations everywhere. Influence unnecessary. $90.00 a month. Annual vacations. Write for list of positions open. Franklin Institute, Dept. N-32, Rochester, N. Y.

HELP WANTED.

EARN good pay copying addresses. Particulars six stamps. Hinchey, 166, Middleport, N. Y.

FOR SALE—FARMS.

FOR SALE—Excellent farm, Lincoln county, Mo.; 233 acres including woods, pasture, remainder under cultivation; 2-story brick house, 8 rooms; plenty wood and water; gravel road to railway, 4½ miles; possession September 1. Further particulars write A. L. Johnson, care Corrugated Bar Co., St. Louis, Mo.

MISCELLANEOUS.

FOR SALE—House and six lots. City water. Orchard. Box 3, Kettle Falls, Wash.

PATENT for sale. An automatic release for cross-cut saw handle. It practically eliminates danger in felling timber, also saves lots of time. For particulars add. Alb. S. Brown, Granite, Ore.

TOBACCO HABIT.

TOBACCO HABIT CURED or No Cost—Harmless home treatment of roots and herbs. **Sure,** pleasant, permanent. Send your name now. Ni-Ko Works, 14, Wichita, **Kansas.**

CLAIRVOYANT.

FREE—Future, past, present revealed. Three 2 cent stamps and birthdate. Can astonish you. Madam Irene 120 Second St., Kewanee, Ills.

MAIL dime, birthday, for booklet, 3 questions answered free. Mad. Beverly, Lily Dale, N. Y.

MEDICAL.

APPENDICITIS cured. Gallstones also. To demonstrate remedy, sent prepaid on receipt of $1. Sworn testimonials furnished. J Hanna Co., Scott, O

PERSONAL.

MADAME Devers secret for married women. Absolutely sure; dollar box, 50 cents. Lady agents wanted. Box 199, East Akron, O.

LADIES—When delayed or irregular use Triumph Pills, always dependable. "Relief" and particulars free. Write National Medical Institute, Milwaukee, Wis.

MARRY—Many wealthy, both sex, will marry, wonderful results. Particulars Free. Reliable Club, 56, Box 26, Oakland, Cal.

WANTED—More advertisers to know that TOLEDO WEEKLY BLADE is a big business getter. Use its columns every issue and get big results. Advertising rates reasonable, circulation guaranteed. Address, Weekly Blade, Toledo, O.

A five-line advertisement, same size and style as the above, will cost only **$3.00** for one insertion in the

Mail Order Market Column of

The Toledo Weekly Blade

You can place your proposition in a **Quarter Million Homes,** from Maine to California, and before over a **Million Readers** every week.

A new business can be started or you can buy, sell or trade by using the Mail Order Market of The Toledo Weekly Blade.

FILL OUT THE COUPON BELOW.

MAIL ORDER MARKET.

Figure 7 words to a line, each line costing 60c. Send cash with order. Address your letter to Toledo Weekly Blade, Toledo, Ohio.

Gentlemen—I enclose copy of an advertisement to measure..... lines, which I desire you to insert in the MAIL ORDER MARKET. I am sending remittance of $..... to cover the cost of same.

Name .....

Street .....

City and State.....

CHEERFUL LITTLE NEWS STORIES

WOMAN, FIRST VERY ANGRY, APOLOGIZES TO A POLICEMAN.

Kansas City, August 29.—One of the crossing patrolmen at Eleventh and Walnut streets, E. O. Bjorkbach, raised his hand and caused the chauffeur of a large limosine to stop the other day. The woman in the motor car leaned forward and said petulantly to her chauffeur:

"Go ahead, go ahead, don't stop here."

The chauffeur started and the policeman raised his hand again, stopping him.

The woman leaned forward again and said:

"This chauffeur takes orders from me. How dare you countermand them??"

The policeman raised his helmet and explained that maybe at home she gave the orders to the chauffeur, but that at Eleventh and Walnut streets he gave the orders. The woman lost her temper. From a silver case she drew a card and pencil and took the policeman's number.

"I shall tell my husband and he will attend to your case with your superiors," she said indignantly.

Two days later the same woman appeared at the same corner in the same limousine with the same chauffeur. She beckoned the policeman to the side of the car. She smiled graciously.

"I owe you an apology," she said. "I told my husband just as I threatened. He told me you ought to have arrested me."

ONCE SLAVE HE INVITES ALL TO CELEBRATE FREEDOM

Massillon, August 29.—In celebration of the 48th anniversary of his release from slavery, Gilbert Porter, one of the best known negroes in this locality and reputed to be well to do, will give a barbecue September 17 and 18 to which he has invited the whole town. At the barbecue an ox, several sheep, pigs and dozens of chickens will be roasted. Porter says that a celebration of this kind had been one of the great ambitions of his life. He had intended waiting until the fiftieth anniversary, but fears that he may not live that long.

MILWAUKEE STARTS MOVE TO AID MOTHER AND CHILD.

Milwaukee, August 29.—An important movement towards educating the inhabitants of the city along health lines has just been instituted here, in the creation of a central bureau of instruction and advice to mothers. The membership includes the leading doctors of Milwaukee and the best known experts in child welfare work. Daily courses of instruction to mothers are being published in every newspaper in this city.

UNKNOWN MAN GIVES $1,200 TO BE GIVEN TO UNFORTUNAT".

Cleveland, August 29.—A gray-haired man, who refused to allow his name to be used, approached the city editor of a local paper today, and stating that he had read that the paper recently had undertaken to divide $40 proffered it for charity among four local societies charitably employed, tendered the city editor a check for $1,200 which he said he wanted to have distributed among the needy of the city.

"I haven't long to live and want to do a little good," was his explanation.

The money will go to St. Ann's Infant asylum, the Fresh Air camp for children, the Holy Cross house for cripples, and the Blind Relief association.

How Drunkards are Being Saved

These 18 Pictures tell their own Story. Even a Child can understand Them.

CONQUER DRINK HABIT IN 72 HOURS

Any drinker may completely **lose the craving** for alcoholic drinks if he or she willingly takes my gentle, **safe home Remedy** for only three days. GUARANTEE GIVEN. It is perfectly harmless, overcomes the craving and wonderfully improves the health. By my A Method **you can save yourself or another person.** The craving begins to disappear in a few hours and the health improves every minute. An astonishing and lasting transformation. Also, I supply my B Method whereby the **DRUNKARD MAY BE SAVED WITHOUT HIS KNOWLEDGE** safely and speedily. The person **SOON BEGINS TO DETEST SMELL OR T

The Peace Page.

CONDUCTED BY ELIZABETH AYRES.

NATURE LORE

By NATURE LOVERS

NATURE STUDY

Fellow Nature Lovers—Those who admire nature seem to be more numerous than those who carefully study her. In spite of the work of nature study associations, which have become very common of late, and notwithstanding the great increase of entertaining literature, relating to plants, animals, soils, the weather and other natural objects, there are still great numbers of persons who do not know such things as the life history of a few common insects, the anatomy of a bird or the relation between the decay of wood and fungi. Many persons who praise the hills or the flowers for their beauty do not know the hills are changing, or why the flowers have bright colors. Now if scientific knowledge were to destroy these fine aesthetic sentiments of nature lovers, I should not advise its acquisition, but it increases instead of destroying the higher sentiments; and besides makes us more able to control nature, a thing upon which the advance of humanity depends. Why, then, should not those who enjoy the beauties of land and sea, try to explain the wonders of those beautiful objects?

In this day of useful literature none but the very poor need be without the means of study. If one knows where to search he may find useful works on nearly any subject. People possessing the higher education, especially high school and college teachers, are usually pleased to advise any would be private student about books, while the experiment stations and the United States department of agriculture will send lists of free publications, most of which are mines of information on nature subjects.

The mere "spare day" reading of a book on some subject, entomology for instance, never taught a genius much about the subject.

Only a beginning would have been made. It would be necessary to reread, reflect and think, and at the same time search for insects, pick them up, name their parts, classify them, tell their life history, how they live, whether they affect the farmer, and if you could not do this, learn how, by further reading or inquiry. With such treatment it is surprising how interesting any object of study will become after a reasonable time.

You may object that this takes time. It does. But most of us have the time to spare. Less gossiping, less hours spent on the street, fewer all night dances, not so much fiction, less useless, if not harmful worry, would give a great number of persons time for mental improvement, and, if this improvement went on well, thinking could be done, much quicker work would be planned and directed in less time, and, still more opportunity would be afforded for further advancement.

Doubtless many readers have done what I have been advising and I hope some who are on the threshold of life, as well as others, will let this brief word start them through a grand hall of the castle of the mind.—North County Farmer, New York.

FROM A WOODSMAN

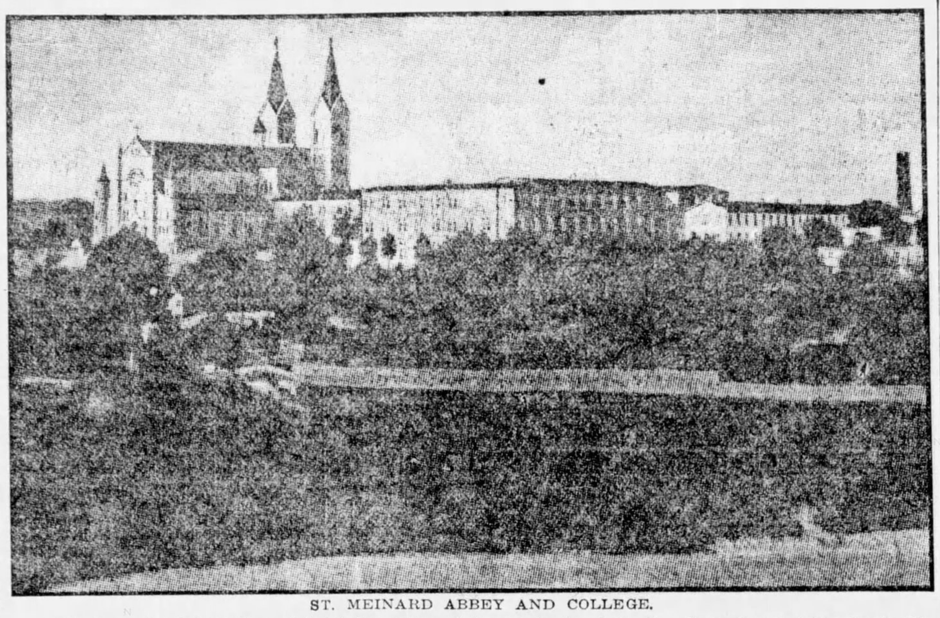
Editor Peace Page—I have been reading for some time the articles that have appeared in The "Blade Book," and can say that it is one of the first articles that I read in your excellent paper. It gives an insight into the better natures of your contributors.

I am going to give you a little talk on my hobby, "The Great Outdoors of Ours." I was raised in town, but always tried to keep as near to nature as it was possible. It has helped me in more ways than one, and now that I am working where I am in the open at all times, I am feeling that I am just beginning to understand, though still dimly, the greatness and goodness of God. The most impressive sermons I have ever heard are going on every day before me. Few who have lived close to nature for a while can deny the greatness and goodness of God. When you hear the birds singing their songs of praise and the squirrels chattering their thankfulness to God, you cannot deny that God is good. I used to be a sort of an atheist, but my two years in the open have been a cure for me. I will recommend it to any one.

The great call of "back to the farm," is going to be the salvation of our nation. Now, I am not a farmer as you may think by reading the opening of my letter, but I am a woodsman. I have been working at this for two years, and they have been happy healthy years to me.

I may write again on another of my hobbies, if I may.—An Appreciative Reader, C. B. Bishoff, West Virginia.

You may surely come again, any time you have the time.—Elizabeth.



ST. MEINARD ABBEY AND COLLEGE.

The finest church in Indiana. A brief description of it may be found in the Cozy Corner letter head, St. Meinrad Abbey. The illustration is made from a picture sent by Mrs. Pearl Jeffers, of Bristow, Indiana.

MERRY-GO-ROUND

TRY TO:

Do all the good you can,
In all the ways you can,
To all the people you can,
Just as long as you can.

Object of the M. G. R.: Mental: moral and social improvement.

"COME AND SEE US"

Dear M. G. Rs.—As I have never seen a letter from our beautiful country in California, I thought I would tell you a little about it. We live in Orange county, in the district of the Fullerton oil wells, just a few moments' car ride from the city of Los Angeles. Only to ride through the fragrant orange groves, makes us forget all trouble and the unpleasant side of life, and at present (July) the walnut groves are laden with nuts.

We live in the foothills. They are covered with wells, making them look like a large city after night, when the derricks over the wells are all aglow from the gas torches. It is a great industry. We sometimes wonder where all the oil can come from, pouring from the wells night and day as it does.

Oh, come and see us and we will put you all into the auto and we will all go and pick oranges.—A Constant Reader, California.

A BEAUTIFUL LAKE

Dear M. G. R.'s—I hear the chimes of your merry circle, making sweetest music, and with joy, I join again in the strain.

The Blade has entered thousands of homes, but nowhere is it welcomed more gladly than in my humble home. We prize it as a friend, and glean from its golden store bright gems of honesty and truth. Descriptive letters have often been called for, and I am pleased to answer the call by describing a beautiful lake near my own home.

Nestling among the mountains of "Old Kentucky," 'in a quiet, secluded spot, is a lake of wondrous beauty.

Mirrored in its depths are magnificent trees, by which the lake is surrounded. Their overhanging boughs cast weird shadows o'er the water, making it a picture of surpassing loveliness.

Dotted here and there about the lake are quaint, picturesque cottages, all of different shapes and sizes, yet very attractive in their rustic beauty. All around is beautiful mountain scenery. Wild flowers of rare perfume, grow in rich profusion, touching the scene with a gentle radiance, while the lake, calm and tranquil, lies in the vale below. On a knoll opposite, is a large brick house, which for ages has stood impregnable against the assaults of time. It affords accommodations to all who wish to enter its hospitable walls. From it may be had an enchanting view of the lake. 'Tis here the sick and weary find shelter, a summer home and rest.

One great attraction of the place is the numerous springs of iron, lime, magnesia, chalybeate and sulphur, which are like so many fountains, and as tradition says: "Where one may drink and become young again." On a slight elevation is erected a platform for merry-making during the summer season. Around the lake is a beautiful driveway, and when the skies are blue, and earth is clothed in verdure green, no loveller spot can e'er be seen.

The very air is like some "magic elixir," and seems to give new life with every breath you draw. The place is visited yearly by quite a number of pleasure seekers, who spend delightful hours fishing, bathing, rowing—charmed with nature's beauty, guided by nature's God. Perhaps this will not be interesting to the M. G. R. members, but should any a trip to Kentucky make, 'twill be worth your while to visit "Park Lake."—Nannie Ham, Kentucky.

A NORTH CAROLINA MEMBER

Dear M. G. R.'s.—May I come in and talk to you? I believe I hear some one say "yes," so now I shall begin my first letter to The Blade. My father has taken it for two or three years, and I certainly think it a good paper. I am always anxious for it to come, as I am fond of the PEACE PAGE.

I am a girl, 18 years old, and am the eldest of my mother's children. I am partly deaf, but I speak, as well as hearing people. I attend the state school for deaf children. It is located on a pretty hill, about a mile from the small town of Morgantown. There were 250 children in our school during the past session. I was in the second class and I shall probably be in the highest class next fall. I like to go to school and hope to graduate in about two years. Then I should like to go to the Gallandet college for deaf mutes, at Washington, D. C. Several pupils from our school are students there now.

Now I shall speak about our home. We live five miles from Brevard, a small town. Our house is surrounded by lovely mountains. There are many wild flowers here, but most of them bloom in the spring, while I am at school. The laurel and rhododendron are especially beautiful.

We have 103 acres of land, one horse, five cows, a few calves and some chickens. Our crop is looking fine, too.

I like to sew and can make many kinds of clothing. I can cook a little and like to keep house very well.

It is such a beautiful place here, I wish some of you could come and see for yourselves. We live on the road that goes to Asheville, about 25 miles from our home. During the summer, hosts of tourists come up here to enjoy the mountain air, water and scenery.

Well, as it is about time for me to get to work, I shall close, before I make this letter too long. If Elizabeth has it printed, I may call again and tell you more about our school.

Wishing you all much good luck, I will close, signing my name this way.—Brown Eyes, from Transylvania county, North Carolina.

We should like to hear about your school. Come again and tell us about it.

THE COZY CORNER

OUR MOTTO

Here we meet for
Health, happiness and
Good cheer.

ST. MEINRAD ABBEY

Dear Cozy Corner Friends—I have listened to all the writers of this corner with much interest and have received a great deal of help from you all, for which I am very grateful, so I thought I would try to join my voice with yours, though I think I can hear Elizabeth saying "The waste basket for you."

I have a little country home, a husband and a baby boy, 19 months old. He is the sweetest that ever was, and the smartest, too—of course.

I seldom see letters from any of our Catholic friends, but I am like "A Happy Girl" in the M. G. R., I think the Catholic church the best on earth. I mean it is the best for me, but I always give everybody the privilege of thinking as I do—that their church is the best.

I go to church at St. Meinrad, Indiana. There is a large monastary there and the finest church in Indiana. It is built of marble and stone and has an altar that cost $20,000. It is built of gold, set with different kinds of stones. I wish all of you could see our church. In the basement is a crib, which represents the birthplace of the Saviour. It reminds one of being in a large cave, with green vines all around the different shaped rocks, and statues of Mary, Christ and several different holy ones. They use this for everyday mass.

My letter is already too lengthy, so I will say good morning. Yours humbly.—C. M. C., Indiana.

HIS NAME IS JAKE

Dear Readers of The Peace Page—My name is Jake, the meanest way you can say it. I often have wondered why I was given such a name, but, as I have grown older, I find the name must fit me, because if I stray from home into a strange land, those who speak to me, call me Jake without an introduction. I believe we must grow to look like our names, therefore, I think parents should be very careful in selecting names for their children.

We enjoy The Blade in our home. It certainly brings us in touch with the people and their good thoughts, all over this great country. It makes us feel as a certain good man said: "The world is my country."

The letter from "Rat," of Tennessee, was an inspiration to me. It has firmly established in me the desire to believe in my job, which is an humble one, but now I see it is my duty to fill that place full, and make the most of my environment.

I have been what they call a "rolling stone," but this time, I have struck a farm and am trying to gather a little moss.

We voted our township dry some few years ago and the greater part of the spring it was dry in the true sense of the word, but during the past week we have been blessed with an abundance of rain and tonight the air is pure, the moon is shining and the whippoorwill is singing the same song and just as sweetly as it did when I was a boy.

When I think that there may have been no beginning of time and that there may be no end of time; no beginning of space; no end of space, and no space that is not filled with revolving planets and these planets may be inhabited by human intelligence, I realize what a small part of the great plan I am and how necessary it is for me to try to make myself worthy of having lived in this state of existence. I am truly thankful I am here to marvel at nature and its endless mystery. I am just as thankful that everybody else is here, I shall not say, "here's hoping," but I send you all my best wishes.—Jake from Ohio, June, 1911.

OUR COOK BOOK

By BLADE HOUSEKEEPERS.

For the present chapter of Our Cook Book we have various sorts and kinds of recipes, which are sure to prove useful. If you do not want them today, save them for the need which is sure to come in some future tomorrow.

As pickling time is "in our midst," here is a recipe for cucumber pickles which is warranted to be one of the best:

Cucumber Pickles.

This is for one bushel of cucumbers. Make a brine, strong enough to bear up an egg. Boil it and pour over the cucumbers. After standing for 24 hours, take out each pickle and wipe it dry. Cover them with scalding, hot vinegar. Allow them to stand for another 24 hours, then take them out of this vinegar and bring some more vinegar to a boil. Add to this one pint of white mustard seed, one quart of brown sugar, half a teacupful of cloves, the same of cinnamon bark and celery seed, and a lump of alum, the size of an egg. Bring this to the boiling point and pour over the pickles. They are then ready for use. Only small-sized cucumbers should be selected for these pickles, which are the same as those we buy from the grocery. They remain firm till the last pickle is used.—Mrs. L. E. S., from the Webfoot State.

Canned Corn Salad.

Two dozen ears of corn, two heads of cabbage, four green, sweet peppers, two teacups of sugar, one teacup of salt, six onions, one-half cup of mustard, one gallon of vinegar; chop fine; mix together, pour vinegar over and boil hard for 15 minutes. Seal in jars while hot.—Lola Bailey, Florida.

"Left-Overs."

Here is a nice way to use left-overs: One cup of any cooked breakfast food, cut up fine. Add two tablespoonfuls of cold water, two eggs, two tablespoonfuls of salt. Beat well. Put a tablespoonful of lard and butter in frying pan and fry a spoonful in a place.—Michigan.

Oatmeal Cakes.

One cup of sour cream, one level teaspoon of soda, one cup of sugar, one teaspoon, rounding full, of baking powder, two eggs, one teaspoon salt, two cups of oat meal (rolled oats), two cups of wheat flour. Put soda in cream and the baking powder in flour. Mix all together and beat thoroughly. Drop from the spoon into greased pans pieces about the size of a walnut. Bake in rather a hot oven until they are a dark brown. Do not drop them too closely, as the batter spreads.

Muffins.

One cup of flour, one cup of buttermilk, or sour milk, one-half cup of corn meal, a level teaspoon of soda in milk, two level or one heaping teaspoon of baking powe in flour, two tablespoonfuls of melted butter or lard, one egg, one teaspoon of salt, one heaping tablespoon of sugar. Bake in muffin rings or jem pans. I always heat the pans before putting the muffins in. Do not fill rings only half full. Bake in a rather hot oven. These are fine for breakfast.

These recipes are some of my own ventures, but I find them good. Here is hoping that others may find them good, also.—Gray Wing.

Brown Steamed Bread.

Two-thirds cup of molasses, two cups sour milk, two cups cornmeal, two cups of flour, two teaspoons of soda, one teaspoon of salt. Steam one and a half hours in large-sized baking powder tin, or any like receptacle.—Betsy Jane, Binghamton, New York.

Ice Cream.

This particular brand of ice cream is called velvet caramel. Set your cooking utensil on the range. Pour into it one quart of sweet milk. While this is heating, beat to a smooth paste, two eggs, one cup of sugar, one-half cup of flour, a small pinch of salt. Add this to the boiling milk. For the flavoring, put one cup of sugar in a spider to melt. Stir continually. When melted, pour this into the custard to dissolve. When cool, add one pint of cream. Turn into freezer and freeze. This is delicious.—Anta Banta, of Michigan.

Apple Sauce Cake.

One cup of sugar, one-half cup of butter, one-half teaspoonful each of cinnamon and cloves, and a little nutmeg. One cup of sour apple sauce. Stir a teaspoonful of soda in the apple sauce and let it foam over the other ingredients. Add one cup of raisins and one and three-quarter cups or flour. Bake in a loaf, three-quarters of an hour, in a moderate oven.—Flossie B., Michigan.

We are running short of home-grown recipes. You good housekeepers, when you get by this pickling and canning time, we should like to have more of your good things to eat. Women who keep their tables and homes in good order are the best of peace promoters.—Elizabeth.

The Nifties and the Indian

By ELIZABETH AYRES

CHAPTER XI.

The Rescue.

"Welcome to our city!" cried Jack. "Why didn't you show up before and let us fellows help you dodge the farmer?"

"Yes," echoed the Kid. "You'd oughta of told us fellows in the beginning. Why didn't you?" he demanded in a stern manner, altogether out of proportion to his size.

"I dunno," the Indian returned. "Guess I was scared."

"You're a wise one," Jack exclaimed with good-natured scorn. "Well, anyway," he went on, "we've got you now; so you just stick around till we get things squared with the farmer. We'll fix you up. You can count on that, young fellow," he promised grandly.

"All right," consented the Indian. He was tired of being a runaway, and the fact that he had found friends filled him with a sense of comfort and safety.

In the midst of their talk, the other boys returned and gave him a warm welcome. "It's about time you came into camp, young fellow," Freckles said cordially.

The Kid told of how Jack had been rescued, and the boys loudly voiced their approval. When words failed them, they "turned to" and soundly thumped the Indian to express their feelings.

"Guess I couldn't let a fellow drown, could I? 'Tisn't nothin'," he said, getting red in the face and kicking at the ground with his toes in a shame-faced manner.

By this time the Nifties, made hungry by the events of the afternoon, were of one opinion regarding having supper. At this ceremony the Indian proved himself a proficient assistant, both in the preparing and the eating. After a hearty meal the boys sat around in a circle, hugging their knees and listening to the Indian's story. He told them he had no father or mother, and, having grown tired of being alone and friendless in the city, he had tramped into the country in search of work, and, perhaps, a home. The first house he went to was that of the farmer. Here, when he asked for work, he had received what seemed a warm welcome.

"You ain't much for size," the farmer said, looking him over, "an' I guess you ain't much more'n sixteen, but it's likely I kin use you, if you're willing to work, and'll stay an' work for your board an' clothes till you're eighteen."

"I'll try it for awhile," the Indian promised.

The farmer acted as if he thought this were a signed and sealed agreement, and proceeded to "use" the Indian in a way which was beyond the strength of a slender, growing boy. His idea of payment in board and clothes was extremely limited, and the Indian, overworked and underfed, decided to try his fortunes elsewhere, and so he ran away, fearing he would be held a prisoner, if he told the farmer of his intentions.

At this point in his story, a sudden sharp "yip, yip" from Fritz, who had been sitting near by, with his big ears pricked up to catch every word that was spoken, gave warning that some one was approaching.

Freckles gave a quick glance over his shoulder.

"Hike for the barn, and hustle!" he said hurriedly to the Indian. "It's too late to run. The farmer has made a sneak on us."

The Indian obeyed Freckles' instructions, and ran like a deer in the direction of the barn.

"He's here, all right," they heard the farmer's gruff voice saying. "You stay at the back of the barn. I'll take the front. We've got him cornered."

"He's brought some one with him," Jack whispered excitedly. "What'll we do? It looks to me like the Indian's a gone coon."

No one laughed at Jack's unconscious joke, they were too much disturbed by the predicament of the Indian.

"This is a free country," declared Freckles, "and no one has a right to hunt a boy down like that farmer is doing. If he gets him, we've got to band together and take him away. Your father said if he was all right we should help him, Kid, and we're going to do it."

Freckles said this very rapidly, but the boys understood and nodded their heads in agreement. Meantime, the Indian had slipped like a flash into the barn, and the Nifties knew it was their part to keep the farmer outside as long as possible.

"There's no place for him to hide," Jack whispered, "and no chance for him to duck out thrugh the window. It's fierce."

The farmer came toward them with his heavy tread. "This is the time I get him," he said. "I was told that he pulled one of you fellows out of the river this afternoon, and I know he's there in the barn. He might as well give up. He's mine until he's eighteen. I've got the law on my side."

The farmer walked around the place where the boys were sitting, and examined the remains of their supper.

"Five of you et here, where's the other feller?"

None of the boys answered.

"You might as well own up. All I have to do is to go into the barn and get him. I don't want to make you young kids trouble," he said, in conciliatory tones, "but you're interfering where you ain't got no call to come in. I mean well by that boy, but he's got to come back and work out his time, according to agreement."

The Nifties continued to be silent, staring into vacancy, apparently unconscious of the farmer's presence.

(Continued next week.)

SOME POINTERS

By Elizabeth.

Jane Jones has not said much to me this week. She has been too busy pickling and preserving to talk, though she stopped long enough to say when I dropped in to get some of her wisdom: "There is times when folks' absence is better than their company." Whereupon I retired and went home.

The other day I saw a sign in a shop window with the goods there to prove it: "144 cluster puffs for 95 cents."

The talk about the high cost of living is a false alarm when a woman can buy so much back hair for less than a dollar.

I wonder what Mary Cassidy would have said if she had seen the display.

It is always the best way to practice what you preach, before you begin preaching.

Envy and jealousy of others whose fortunes are seemingly better than your own will never get you anything or anywhere. They are the ball and chain on your ankle which prevent you from moving forward.

No matter what you may see, hear or read of wickedness and evil, there are more good people than bad ones in the world. This is proved by the fact that good people and good deeds do not seem to have the news value attached to the other kind.

If you keep your side uppermost, the world will show its best side to you. Never let your best side have a day off, if you can possibly avoid it. You will be sorry for it the morning after.

There are those who sneer at the cheerful philosopher and call him a cheerful idiot, but the cheerful idiot seldom goes adrift in his mind. Those who constantly travel the dark side of melancholy street are the ones who forget their real names and what they are here for.

If you think you have an enemy, turn him into a friend. You will never gain anything by returning in kind what one who is low enough to be an enemy gives you.

This is true: If you think you have an enemy, when he presses you the hardest, he is at his weakest.

The days are growing shorter and the nights are growing longer, but it is not yet time to say: "The melancholy days have come.' 'That is a foolish thing to say any hour in the day, or any day in the year.

On one of Toledo's down-town pavements, recently, I saw autumn's first signal. It was a large-sized maple leaf, as gorgeously colored as the star spangled banner, only nothing blue was there. See the point?

Well, here's happy days to you, and many of them.

POEMS REQUESTED.

These old songs are wanted: Just Break the News to Mother, Sweet Summer's Gone Away, and one which has these lines: Your stocking is just bsgun, while I am knitting the toe of mine.

The poem called The Cyclone is asked for.

The following are clues to three poems which are wanted: A portion of the first piece is this: He is my beloved, his form is divine, his vesture sheds odor around. This is a song taken from the book of Solomon's Songs. The White Pilgrim is another poem wanted, and an Irish song, of which this is a line: Old Erin, my country, I'll bequeath thee a blessing, and in dreams I'll revisit the seabeaten shore.

A song called Climbing Up Zion's Hill, is wanted, and another entitled Marching. A clue to this is: Marching, marching, glad as birds on the wind.

A WOMAN FARMS AT 83

Aunt Martha Spradley Is as Active as a Woman of 30.

Indianapolis News.

Aunt Martha Spradley, 83 years old, living in Pigeon township, Warrick, County, Indiana, is as active as most women are at 30 and there is perhaps not another woman in this part of the state who can do the manual labor she does in a day. There is not a better horsewoman in this part of the state and perhaps none can shoot a gun as accurately, walk as far, haul more coal or cut more wood than this remarkable woman.

Mrs. Spradley is five feet ten inches in height, straight as an arrow and never wore glasses or walked with a cane. This Warrick County woman is a farmer who works her own land, consisting of one hundred acres, and, as she remarked the other day, "It is a farm on which most anybody else would starve to death." The woman has had good success with her crops and is regarded as one of the best and most systematic farmers in the neighborhood. She has fifteen acres of corn, thirty-one and one-half acres of tobacco, five acres of meadow land, a large patch of potatoes and a good garden.

POETS' CORNER

MY CRADLE BED

Author Unknown.

While I rummaged through the garret,
Listening to the falling rain
As it pattered on the shingles
And against the window pane,
Peeping over chests and boxes
That with dust were thickly spread,
Saw in the farthest corner
What was once my cradle bed.

And I drew it from the recess
Where it had remained so long,
Hearing all the while the music
Of my mother's voice in song;
As she spoke in sweetest accents,
What I since so oft have read,
"Hush, my child, lie still and slumber,
Holy angels guard thy bed.
Heavenly blessings without number,
Gently fall upon thy head."

While I listened, recollections
That I thought had been forgot
Came with all the gush of memory,
Rushing, thronging to the spot;
As I wandered back to childhood,
To those merry days of yore,
When I knelt beside my mother
By that bed upon the floor.

Then it was with hands so gently
Placed upon my infant head,
That she taught my lips to utter
Carefully the words she said;
Never can they be forgotten,
Deep are they in memory graven,
Hallowed be thy name, oh Father,
Father, thou who are in Heaven.

This she taught me, then she told me
Of its import, great and deep,
After which I learned to utter
And in voice soft and mild,
Now I lay me down to sleep.
Then it was, with hands uplifted,
That my mother asked our Father,
"Father, do thou bless my child."

Years have passed and that dear mother
Long has moldered 'neath the sod
And I trust her sainted spirit
Revels in the house of God.
Yet that summer scene at twilight,
Never has from memory fled,
And it comes with all its freshness
When I see my cradle bed.

WHEN THE EVENING SHADOWS

Author Unknown.

When the evening shadows slowly
gather round my door,
And I hear the chilly breezes sigh;
And I think of the days that are past
forever more,
And the swiftness with which life's
moments fly.

Chorus.

Then 'tis sweet to look to Jesus,
Who is strong to sustain,
And who never will forsake a trusting
soul;
Who will give sweetest rest,
On the bright, golden plain,
While the years of eternity roll.

When my heart grows lonely and all
earthly pleasures fade,
Then the Savior to comfort will be
near;
Ere in slumber so sweet I may rest my
aching head;
Ere is dried in repose a failing tear.

Then, my soul, why murmur, though
afflictions seem severe,
For they soon and forever pass
away;
When we lean on the Savior, he gives
us strength to bear,
Every burden until the close of day.

THE GATES AJAR

By Mrs. Lydia Baxter.

There is a gate that stands ajar,
And thro' its portals gleaming,
A radiance from the crown afar,
The Saviour's love revealing.

REFRAIN.

Yes, in the blood of Christ I see
The gate that stand ajar for me.
For me, for me,
That stands ajar for me.

That gate ajar stands free for all
Who seek thro' it salvation;
The rich and poor, the great and small,
Of ev'ry tribe and nation.

Press onward, then, tho' foes may
frown,
While mercy's gate is open;
Accept the cross and win the crown,
Love's everlasting token.

Beyond the river's brink we'll lay
The cross that here is taken.
And bear the crown of life away,
And love Him more in heaven.

TURNCOATS

By Thomas Westwood.

Said a little black Tadpole to another,
That happened to be his elder brother,
"Pray, what strange creature is that I
hear
Croaking so loud?" "A Frog, my dear,"
Said the brother, "and there he sits."
"I ne'er
Saw an uglier monster, I declare,"
Cried little Taddy, wriggling his tail
In an off-hand fashion, that could not
fail
To show his contempt. "It's really a
pleasure
And satisfaction, no words can measure,
To think that we are so smooth and
slim.
So handsome, so—very unlike him."
"To be sure," said his brother, bobbing
and blinking,
"To be sure, I'm just your way of
thinking."

The air was mild, and the sun was
strong,
The Tadpoles were turned to Frogs ere
long;
The little one croaked, the big one
croaked.
At last said the younger, "Of course,
we joked
That day in the ditch; for there's no
denying,
And in fact it's a truth past all replying
That whether in mere or marsh or bog,
The handsomest creature, by far, is a
Frog."
"To be sure," said his brother, bobbing
and blinking;
'To be sure, I'm just your way of think-
ing."

LIFE'S RAILWAY

Author Unknown.

I'm thinking, John, of that sweet ti
When you and I were boys,
Alooking up life's railway track,
All spanned with rosy joys;
Full well do I remember, John,
The morning long ago,
We found ourselves on board the tra
And thought the time was slow.

CHORUS.

We've reach'd the summit level, Joh
And now go down the grade,
With shorten' stroke and swifter spe
Than any we have made.

And looking forward eagerly
To the happy moments when
We'd reached the station Twenty-o
No longer boys, but men;
We reach'd it long ago, dear John,
The brakeman did not call,
No bell was rung, or whistle blown—
There was no place at all.

CHORUS.

And many who came out with us
In the morning long ago,
Have chang'd, and took the lightni
line,
And reach'd the Great Depot.

And when, dear John, the time sh
come,
That age creeps on apace,
And silver threads are thickly stre
On wrinkled brow and face,
When from the faithless glass of Ti
Life's sands are nearly run,
And slackened speed along the track
Tell our journey's almost done.

CHORUS.

We'll see the Golden City then,
And loved ones gone before;
We'll walk with them the rounds
joy,
Where parting comes no more.

WE'D BETTER BIDE A WEE

Author Unknown.

The puir auld folk at hame, ye mind
Are frail and failing sair,
And well I ken they'd miss me, lad,
Gin I came hame nae mair;
The grist is out, the times are hard,
The kin are only three,
I canna leave the auld folk now,
We'd better bide a wee.

When first we told our story, lad,
Their blessings fell sae free,
They gave no thought to self at all
They did but think of me;
But, laddie, that's a time awa',
And mither's like t' dee,
I canna leave the auld folk now,
We'd better bide a wee,
I canna leave the auld folk now,
We'd better bide a wee.

I fear me, sair, they're failing baith,
For when I sit apart,
They'll talk of heaven sae earnestly,
It well nigh breaks my heart;
So, laddie, dinna urge me mair,
It surely winna be,
I canna leave the auld folk now,
We'd better bide a wee,
I canna leave the auld folk now,
We'd better bide a wee.

THE OLD FOLKS AT HOME

By Stephen C. Foster.

Way down upon de Swanee ribber,
Far, far away
Dere's wha my heart is turning ebb
Dere's wha de old folks stay.
All up and down de whole creation
Sadly I roam,
Still longing for de old plantation,
And for de old folks at home.

CHORUS.

All de world am sad and dreary,
Eberywhere I roam,
Oh! darkies, how my heart gro
weary,
Far from de old folks at home.

All 'round de little farm I wandered
When I was young,
Den many happy days I squandered,
Many de songs I sung.
When I was playing wid my brudd
Happy was I.
Oh! take me to my kind old mudd
Dare let me live and die.

One little hut among de bushes,
One dat I love,
Still sadly to my mem'ry rushes,
No matter where I rove.
When will I see de bees a-humming
All round de comb?
When will I hear de banjo tumming
Down in my good old home?

SUMMER TWILIGHT

By Alice Biseger.

A mist is on the distant hills,
A cowbell tinkles far away;
A cricket's happy chirping fills
The air with cheerful melody.

The crimson fades from out the sky
The lowing of a cow is heard;
The gentle breeze does softly sigh
As far off sings a lone night bird.

And all this brings a peaceful rest
Unto my weary, careworn soul;
This quiet world seems doubly blest
As peace doth o'er my spirit roll.

The song, The Basket Maker's Ch
is requested. One line is: Where
green willows wave by the brook.

FOR MEN-BEINGS

TO THE Men Readers of The Peace Page—My message is a curtain lecture, strictly to the married men, so, of course, you ladies will pass it by unread. However, you young men may read, if you please, in anticipation of soon becoming one of us.

I was well along in life, very foolishly, before I was married, and during those days I "held down," and "proved up" on a government claim in old Dakota territory, therefore I did considerable "batching," and well know the drudgery of housework, and of doing the same things over again, day after day. How many of us male bipeds would keep so sweet and cheerful as our wives do, if in our work we had to encounter, year after year, such drudgery without the added stimulant of taking in a little cash in exchange for it? Therefore my plea is for married men to start a savings account, for, and in the names of their wives, be it ever so small, in the postal savings banks, where they exist, or placed in a national or state bank, in exchange for an interest-bearing certificate of deposit. Try this and let the ladies have the pleasure of adding to it and watching it grow. Burns says:

Not for to hide it in a hedge,
Nor for a train attendent;
But for the glorious privilege
of being independent.

—Adirondack Bill, New York.

I am so lost in admiration for the peace promoting suggestion of this wise man that I haven't a word to say, except—Here's hoping.—Elizabeth.

INFLAMMATION AND PAIN

Cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Creston, Iowa.—"I was troubled for a long time with inflammation, pain in my side, sick headaches and nervousness. I had taken so many medicines that I was discouraged and thought I would never get well. A friend told me to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and it restored me to health. I have no more pain, my nerves are stronger and I can do my own work. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound cured me after everything else had failed, and I recommend it to other suffering women."—Mrs. Wm. Seals, 605 W. Howard St., Creston, Iowa.

Thousands of unsolicited and genuine testimonials like the above prove the efficiency of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, which is made exclusively from roots and herbs.

Women who suffer from those distressing ills should not lose sight of these facts or doubt the ability of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to restore their health.

If you want special advice write to Mrs. Pinkham, at Lynn, Mass. She will treat your letter as strictly confidential. For 20 years she has been helping sick women in this way, free of charge. Don't hesitate—write at once.

QUICK HAIR GROWTH! Brochure Free To You.

Would You Like Such a Result as This?

HERE IS THE TRUE METHOD

as proven to you that the Koskott Method of hair growing is a genuine, scientific one. We will send you a valuable 36-page brochure, explaining the cause, and the cure—FREE. Our Method is directed at removing the cause, which is dandruff (caused by micro-organisms—germs) penetrating follicles (hair-pockets), killing the germs and opening the closed follicles so that the hair roots which are not dead, but dormant, (like a tulip bulb, or grass seed in a packet) are given fertility to grow. **FREE** Ours is the treatment that **MAKES GOOD** or you can use it **WITHOUT COSTING YOU A CENT.** Koskott is for men's, women's & children's heads, to clear scalp and hair of dandruff, stop **falling hair** and to promote **growth of new hair.** We especially want you to answer this if you have had no success in liquids, washes, soaps, etc., which accompany **MAKES GOOD** or you can use it **WITHOUT COSTING YOU A CENT.** Koskott is for men's, women's & children's heads, to clear scalp and hair of dandruff, stop **falling hair** and to promote **growth of new hair.** We especially want you to answer this if you have had no success in liquids, washes, soaps, etc., which accompany this wonderful remedy. Ours is the treatment that

TWENTY KILLED IN STORM'S FURY

Charleston Cut Off From World and Details of Damage Are Lacking.

BULLETIN.

Savannah, Ga., August 29.—The steamship Lexington, of the Merchants and Miners' Transportation Co., Savannah to Philadelphia, is aground off Hunting Island. Tugs and the revenue cutter Yamacraw have gone to her relief. The Lexington has 11 passengers. She is resting easily.

Summerville, S. C., Aug. 29.—Twenty are known to be dead, hundreds are reported injured and a $7,000,000 property loss is estimated as the result of a tropical storm which swept up the Atlantic coast yesterday, inundating Charleston and Savannah.

Today Charleston is cut off from the outside world. No telegraph, telephone or rail communication has been possible for 24 hours.

A fugitive reached here today, 20 miles from Charleston, and reported the loss of life and damage. The water, it was said, stood three feet deep in the Union Station at Charleston. The station was unroofed. The fury of the storm caused havoc among the shipping and marooned hundreds of persons on Sullivan's Island, a summer resort across the harbor. The safety of those left on the island is in doubt.

Schooner Is Wrecked

The force of the wind at Charleston is reported to have been 70 miles an hour. A schooner was thrown up on the battery; waterfront property was badly damaged and the streets filled with debris.

Beaufort and Georgetown also are isolated, no word having been received from those places since the wires to Charleston were lost. Savannah was cut off for many hours and when heard from reported great property damage but no loss of life.

Cotton Crop Is Damaged

The streets of Savannah are filled with debris, consisting principally of uprooted trees, and the street car service is entirely tied up as a result.

The low-lying islands adjacent along the coast, inhabited principally by negroes, are usually the worst sufferers in storms of this character, and they have not been heard from. The cotton crop within a radius of 50 miles of Savannah has suffered severe damage.

NINETY-MILE WIND BLOWS TORPEDO BOATS ASHORE

Washington, August 29.—Six torpedo boats were swept ashore and the Charleston navy yard was damaged to the extent of $20,000 by the storm, which struck the Georgia and South Carolina coast Sunday night. In a telegraphic report received at the navy department today the velocity of the wind was estimated at 80 to 90 miles an hour. The yard has appealed for an emergency allotment for repairs.

MICHIGAN CITIES BIG GAINS

Traverse, Pontiac and Sault Ste Marie Show Industrial Booms.

Washington, D. C. August 29.—A preliminary statement of the general results of the thirteenth United States census of manufactures of four Michigan cities was issued today.

In Traverse City there were 61 establishments in 1909, as compared with 46 in 1904, an increase of 33 per cent. The value of products in 1909 was $2,289,000 and $2,177,000 in 1904, an increase of 5 per cent.

Pontiac contained 42 establishments in 1909, as compared with 47 in 1904, a decrease of 11 per cent. The value of products in 1909, was $5,894,000 and $3,047,000 in 1904, an increase of 93 per cent.

In Sault Ste. Marie were found 47 establishments in 1909, as compared with 38 in 1904, an increase of 24 per cent. The value of products in 1909 was $4,619,000 and $2,412,000 in 1904, an increase of 92 per cent.

Holland City had 59 establishments in 1909 and the value of their products was $4,622,000.

Further details can be drawn from the summary which follows: Capital invested, $4,524,000; cost of materials used, $2,585,000; salaries and wages, $1,197,000; miscellaneous expenses, $407,000; value added by manufacture (products, less cost of materials), $2,037,000; number of salaried officials and clerks, 198; and average number of wage earners employed during the year, 1,940.

INFANTRY LEADS IN SHOOT

Forges Ahead of Marines in Rapid Fire Test.

Camp Perry, August 29.—Thirty minuter after the national team match started Monday, a heavy rain came up, making it impossible to keep the targets in condition for several hours.

Forty-two teams, representing the regular services and the states and territories, began shooting in the match, a team event for the Congressional trophy, the Hilton trophy and the Soldier of Marathon. Two ranges were completed, the 200-yard slow-fire and the 200-yard rapid-fire, after the heavy rain ended soon after noon.

When the teams left the 200-yard slow-fire range, the United States marines led the army infantry by four points, the relative standing of the highest teams being: Marines, 512; infantry, 508; Wisconsin, 506; Pennsylvania, 505.

The order of the teams was materially changed after the completion of the rapid-fire at 200 yards. The infantry made the high score of 555 and forged ahead, leading with an aggregate for the two ranges of 1,063.

The other teams scored as follows: Navy, 1,055; Michigan, 1,048; Marines, 1,047; Massachusetts, 1,042; Connecticut, 1,040; Illinois, 1,040; Wisconsin, 1,039; United States cavalry, 1,033; Pennsylvania, 1,022.

POPE RECEIVES OFFICIALS

Rome, August 29.—Pope Pius yesterday received in audience Cardinal Vannutelli and the Archbishop of Yucatan. His Holiness having almost completely recovered his strength, Cardinal Merry del Val, the papal secretary of state, has left Rome for a two-weeks' vacation.

BEATTIE TO TESTIFY

Accused of Wife Murder, Youth Will Tell His Own Story.

Chesterfield Court House, Va., August 29.—Minute and intensive cross-examination of Paul D. Beattie, cousin of Henry Clay Beattie Jr., indicted for wife murder, was planned by counsel for the defense for today, with the purpose of breaking down, if possible, the story of the alleged confession of the prisoner related on the stand yesterday by the commonwealth's star witness.

Lawyers for the defense had conferred at Richmond with Henry C. Beattie, Jr., indicted for wife murder, during the night and early today when he was preparing for the 15-mile trip from Richmond to the court house, and a general attack on the character of Paul Beattie, particularly as to his truthfulness, was their expressed intention.

The testimony given by Paul Beattie at the coroner's inquest was carefully stulled by the defense and compared especially with the statements made on the stand yesterday.

His startling declaration that his cousin expressed sorrow "that he had done it," referring to murder, was made for the first time yesterday, and the defense was expected to occupy itself with an effort to reduce any impression it might have created by showing that the witness' story was inspired.

Blames His Health.

Intimation of the stand the witness might take under cross-examination was given yesterday when he testified that although he had said a number of things at the inquest he was in extremely bad physical condition at the time and that his several collapses on that occasion prevented his telling all he knew. The prosecution was confident that its witness would not break down under cross-examination and announced early today that it would be ready, after the defense finished with Paul Beattie, to proceed with seven or eight witnesses who would corroborate every important detail in his story.

Man Who Sold Cartridges.

The man who sold the cartridges, the bartender who served Paul and Henry with drinks, and others who saw the cousins together on the days following the purchase of the gun and prior to the murder, have been subpoenaed by the prosecution for the expressed purpose of corroborating the testimony of yesterday.

With this angle of proof completed, the prosecution admitted early today it would be prepared to rest its case, allowing the defense to begin its direct examination of some 30 witnesses subpoenaed by it. The prosecution has not called some of its important witnesses, including Beulah Binford, "the girl in the case," but will reserve them for the rebuttal. It is quite possible, however that Beulah Binford's testimony may never be sought, since the commonwealth has satisfied itself as to the sufficiency of the evidence from other witnesses concerning the alleged motive for the murder.

The jury that is trying Beattie for his life is being kept in a small hotel a few yards from the court house, and each night its principal diversion has been sitting on the steps of the court house and giving vent to song.

SHOT FOURTEEN TIMES

Judge Trimble, Head of G. A. R., Tells Remarkable War Experience.

"I was hit by seven rebel bullets in one battle, but wasn't struck once."

With this paradox Judge Harvey M. Trimble, newly elected commander-in-chief of the G. A. R., startled the guests of General and Mrs. J. R. Sherwood at the reception Monday night in honor of the visiting commander-in-chief.

How It Happened.

"During the entire war 14 bullets from the gun of some Johnny Reb hit me," continued Judge Trimble, "but not one left a scar, or wounded me seriously. Many of the boys never went into battle but were wounded, and they are the ones that deserve the credit."

Judge Trimble expressed appreciation of his Toledo hosts, and complimented Toledo on the showing it has made in the grand army. He was in Toledo Monday for the purpose of visiting his niece, Mrs. Dr. George L. Chapman, 21 Bronson Place. He left at 11:05 Monday night for Chicago.

"When I first introduced my dollar-a-day pension bill in December, 1907, it was generally sneered at," said Gen. J. R. Sherwood, congressman from this district and chairman of the national committee on pensions, during the course of the reception.

"They asked me if I wanted to bankrupt the national treasury. Well, the national treasury has been bankrupted since then, and my bill didn't do it either.

Sentiment Is Gaining.

"But now sentiment in favor of a dollar-a-day pension is dominant; i. e., it is dominent north of the Ohio river and west of the Hudson. And if sentiment south of the Ohio river in favor of the dollar-a-day pension is not dominant it is at least strong, and may be expected to become dominant.

"There is more hope for my bill south of the Ohio river than there is east of the Hudson. Four southerners have pledged me their support of my pension bill. They are Mr. Richardson, of Alabama, Mr. Lamb, of Virginia, Mr. Talbot, of Missouri, and one other."

Sherwood was applauded by the local G. A. R. men for his work in advancing the dollar-a-day pension idea. The general kept his guests amused by reciting verses of some of the songs the soldier used to sing during the campaigns.

Mrs. Leonore Sherwood Pyle, Mrs. Viola Galbraith and Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Davies sang many patriotic songs. "Our Land," sung by Mr. and Mrs. Davies, was a new national anthem written by Arthur W. Kortheuer, and was well received by the guests.

WISCONSIN VILLAGE IS BURNED

Sawmill, 6 Stores and 14 Residences in Elmhurst Destroyed.

Antigo, Wis., August 29.—The village of Elmhurst, six miles south of here, was almost wiped out by fire yesterday, which destroyed a sawmill, $100,000 worth of timber, six stores and 14 residences. Only two stores and a railroad station were saved.

RECIPROCITY NOT THE ONLY ISSUE

Sir Wilfrid Laurier Will Lose Premiership to Borden if Liberals Lose.

Toronto, Ont., August 28.—"The long-haired Indian doctor is offering us old Dr. Taft's celebrated Yankee pills and he wants us to believe they will cure all our ailments."

This is one of the caustic utterances of W. F. Maclean, Toronto newspaper publisher and member of pa... nt, against Sir Wilfrid Laurier, prime minister of Canada. His long, iron-gray hair won for Sir Wilfrid the appellation, "old Indian doctor," and it is being rung by his opponents, led by Robert L. Borden, in the reciprocity treaty campaign which will close with the Canadian election, Sept. 21.

The liberals, led by Sir Wilfrid, demand ratification of the treaty proposed by the United States government to break down some of the high tariff walls, and have adopted red as the color of the standard around which they rally.

Blue Is Conservative Color.

Blue is the campaign color of the conservatives who are opposing the treaty. Mr. Borden himself in a Nova Scotian blue nose and all his "a's" are of the broadest. President "Tawft" is what he calls the chief executive of the United States.

There is much more at stake in the campaign than the abstract proposition of reciprocity ratification or defeat. If he wins, Sir Wilfrid will continue as prime minister of Canada, the highest office in the Dominion, to which he has been elected at every election since 1896, the year in which William Jennings Bryan first appeared on the United States horizon as a presidential candidate.

Borden for Laurier's Place.

If the conservatives win and reciprocity is repudiated by popular vote, Sir Wilfrid will go down with his colors, and Mr. Borden will become the prime minister. He will then, in the usual course, be knighted by the king and have the right to be addressed as Sir Robert. In the present campaign he is traveling like a candidate for governor of a state in the United States, going from town to town in regular trains, his steady traveling companions being newspaper reporters, Sir Wilfrid travels in a private car.

The premier is a little more than six feet tall, slim and straight as an old soldier. A correspondent traveling with him says that he looks like one's ideal, gleaned from books and pictures, of a statesman. His eyes have a kindly look and when he smiles, the smile radiates from ear to ear.

Borden Looks Like Actor.

Robert L. Borden is not so tall as Sir Wilfrid, but relatively a little broader across the shoulders and hips. He has an attractive face and form, and were he an actor instead of a statesman and a very able lawyer, he might be a matinee idol, despite his 56 years. There is more hair on the top of his head than on Sir Wilfrid's. He parts it in the middle, it curls a little on each side and there is just a suggestion of bangs.

"A possible prime minister of Canada who parts his hair in the middle and wears bangs," ejaculated one of his campaign opponents, with fine sarcasm.

Wilfrid Is Spick and Span

But Sir Wilfrid himself is not devoid of a touch of personal vanity, and apparently attaches much importance to sartorial effect. When he addressed the Norfolk county farmers, opening the campaign in the province of Ontario, he looked spick and span as an Easter bonnet just out of a band box. While his manner was democratic, his clothes were extremely formal, the outfit consisting of gray trousers, black cutaway coat, lavender ascot tie, emblazoned with a pin recognizable across the street, and a pearl-gray soft hat. And he will be 70 in a few months.

Kisses Little Girl.

When he stepped to the speakers' stand, a little girl was lifted up to give him a bouquet of flowers, all red, the reform color. Sir Wilfrid kissed the child and a period of applause followed, favorable to the launching of his statesmanlike argument for reciprocity and in combat of some of the assertions of the conservative leader.

One speaker on the platform with Mr. Borden told his hearers that the United States began territorial grabbing by acquiring Louisiana territory more than 100 years ago, and that in the present generation she has taken the Hawaiian islands, the Philippines and Porto Rico.

And Now Beware!

"And now," this speaker warned at a dramatic period, as he peeled down to negligee shirt and white duck trousers, "beware, loyal sons of the empire, lest old Dr. Taft and the long-haired Indian doctor do not deliver Canada to her next."

Since the conservatives control a large number of the city seats in parliament, the campaign is principally in the rural districts, where liberalism prevails to such an extent that the liberals now have a working majority of 45 in parliament.

Advertise Their Doctrine.

It is to wrest this majority from them that the conservatives are making this tremendous campaign, in which they have not only their most talented speakers, but unlimited sums of money. It is asserted that the big interests of Canada have gone so far as to employ large advertising agencies to prepare anti-reciprocity literature, for publication in such newspapers as will accept it at advertising rates and run it as reading matter.

SENDS LOVE NOTE BY PIGEON

Stalled in a Subway, New Yorker Explained the Delay.

New York, August 24.—Stalled in the subway by a short circuit, John Sullivan, a pigeon fancier, who was on the way to visit his fiancee, sent her a note by carrier pigeon explaining the delay in his arrival.

While the trainmen were repairing a break of the contact shoe, Sullivan began to get restless. When the train showed no signs of starting he released one of the pigeons with a message to the girl. He had taken the birds to the Bronx to set them free, but did not liberate all and was returning with several of the pigeons.

He tied the note to one of the pigeon's feet and let the bird flutter out of the window. It was 15 minutes before the train started, but Sullivan was not worried. He said he felt sure that his note would reach the girl.

Air Sailor Lands Safely in Big City

HARRY ATWOOD.

YOUTH ADMITS MURDER

Indiana Youth Says Latter Had Killed Mother and Brother.

Boonville, Ind., August 26.—Admitting that he killed his father, but charging the older man with the murder of his mother and brother, William Lee was spirited out of Boonville in an automobile last night to avert a lynching. A mob was forming on the streets when Sheriff Raymond Scales placed his prisoner in the motor car and made his way out of town by a circuitous route. Lee is in the county jail at Evansville.

The discovery of a bloody smeared suit of underwear, which was identified as the property of the youth who is accused of having murdered both his parents and his brother and attempted to conceal the crime by drenching the bodies in kerosene and firing the house, was responsible for Lee's partial confession.

Grieves Most for Fiancee.

Although Miss Mina Taylor, whom Lee was to have married a few hours after his arrest, protests her belief in his innocence, the prisoner has been refused permission to see or write to her, and this fact seems to grieve him more deeply than the death of his parents and brother and the increasing mass of evidence against him.

"Yes, I killed dad," Lee said to Sheriff Scales, when told of the discovery of his underwear. "I might as well make a clean breast of it. It isn't as bad as you think.

"I killed him, but if I hadn't he would have killed me. He had already slain my mother and was just killing Clarence when I came in. I had been asleep and woke up and heard strange sounds and moans. I went to my mother's bedroom.

"She lay dead on the bed and dad was fighting with Clarence. He had just hit him on the head with an ax when I ran into the room. I yelled at him and he made at me with the ax raised, ready to strike me.

"I closed with him and finally wrested the ax from his hands. Then I struck him twice over the head with it and that killed him. By that time Clarence had died, without a moan.

"Then I realized what an awful thing had happened. It hadn't seemed so bad during the fight, but I realized that I would be accused of killing my whole family. They were dead, and it seemed to me the only way I could cover dad's crime was to set fire to the house.

"I changed my underwear and put on my clothes, and then I ran downstairs and got some coal oil, which I poured on the bodies. Then I lighted the bedclothes and set fire to the house in a couple of other places. Then I ran out, locked the doors, and gave the alarm."

Young Lee's confession is believed by the authorities to be the first step toward the true narration of the facts. His brother Clarence was shot, not killed with an ax, and there were no signs in the house of the struggle he describes.

ACCIDENT KILLS TWO JACKIES

Lose Their Lives Aboard the Battleship Ohio.

Washington, August 29.—The navy department learned yesterday that two seamen, William A. Creech and Wilson D. Mickey, had been killed on board the battleship Ohio, which is in Tangier sound, Chesapeake bay, preparatory to participating in the target practice of the Atlantic fleet. An accident to the anchor gear caused their deaths.

TWO BODIES IN ICE 14 YEARS

Found Buried in Glacier in Switzerland Yesterday.

Berne, Switzerland, August 29.—Tourists, while crossing the Loetschen glacier yesterday, saw deep down in the clear ice the faces of two dead men. Guides accompanying the party chipped out with their ice axes the frozen bodies of the two men and brought them to the surface.

The bodies have not yet been identified, but they probably are those of two London tourists named Bemebecke and Coin, who disappeared 14 years ago.

LA FOLLETTE QUIET ON TAFT

His Harrisburg Speech Not to Be Reply to President.

Washington, August 29.—Senator La Follette, of Wisconsin, stated today that his speech at Harrisburg, Pa., Thursday night, would not deal with political matters nor be a reply to President Taft's Saturday address at Hamilton, Mass.

"The papers have been making announcements for me," said Senator La Follette, with a smile; "but I usually make my own announcements when I have a speech to deliver."

ATWOOD REACHES GOTHAM IN RAIN

Completes Record-Breaking Cross-Country Flight on Twelfth Day.

New York, August 25.—Harry N. Atwood, the American aviator, ended his long record-breaking aeroplane flight from St. Louis when he landed at Governor's island at 2:38 o'clock this afternoon. Atwood flew to town from Nyack, a distance of about 30 miles, in 45 minutes. He followed the river's course, flying most of the time 50 to 100 feet above the Hudson.

Thousands flocked to city roofs and cheered the aviator as he flew down the river. The whistles of steamships and all manner of water craft joined in a noisy welcome. Atwood had planned to land at Sheepshead bay, and he flew there later, but officially his trip ended at Governor's island.

The aviator's actual flying time for the entire trip from St. Louis was 28 hours and 31 minutes. He has completed in 12 days an unprecedented aeroplane flight of more than 1,265 miles. It is the first time a man has ever gone this distance in a heavier than air machine.

Nyack, N. Y., August 25.—Harry N. Atwood, the aviator, started on his flight from here at 1:53. From the spot where his machine had been moved to during the morning, he rose, headed north, circled once over the river and flew at high speed in the direction of New York.

The ascent was not made without mishap, however, for a moment before, as the mechanics were tuning up the engine, the aviator had to leap for safety from flames which broke out in his gasoline dripping pan. He smothered the fire with his coat, assisted by his manager, A. Leo Stevens, smiled, remounted the machine, and gave the word. A few moments later he was in the air.

SUMMARY OF FLIGHT

Summary of Atwood's St. Louis-New York flight:

Distance to New York, 1,265 miles.

Days flying, 12.

Portions of states passed over: Missouri, Illinois, Indiana, Ohio, Pennsylvania and New York. Cities: St. Louis, Chicago, Toledo, Cleveland, Buffalo and Albany.

He beat the world's long-distance record at Rhinecliff, when he was 13 miles more than the present record of 1,164.

TALKS ABOUT SINCLAIR

Kemp Says He Went to Arden With Grave Forebodings of Trouble.

New York, August 29.—Harry Kemp, rough and ready traveler and poet whose name Upton Sinclair has brought into his divorce proceedings against Meta Fuller Sinclair, added his version of the triangle yesterday.

Harry Kemp is a thin visaged, angular young man of 28 whose years so far have been spent largely in more or less unusual ways. At the age of 16 he started around the world, making his way. The trip occupied the next two years, and he came back with a considerable knowledge of foreign lands. He completed this spring a course at the University of Kansas.

Geting down to recent events he said:

"Upton had given me an open invitation to visit him at Arden. I may as well admit that I had misgivings about going there—I felt that something was going to happen and I made arrangements for a shack down on the Long Island coast in which to spend the summer, roughing it. Well, anyhow, I did accept Upton's invitation, and I did go to Arden.

Lived in Tent Near Cottage.

"I went all of a sudden. Upton gave me a tent near his cottage to live in—it was a tent he used in the daytime for writing in. At Arden Mrs. Sinclair and myself were thrown together a great deal and we became better acquainted. She was the most congenial woman in Arden to me, and I felt that we were temperamentally adjusted to each other. We criticised each other's poetry and read together and took long walks. The present situation evolved itself from these things which I have told you.

"I want the somewhat tangled situation to be straightened out in a way that will bring about the happiness of all concerned. I don't know yet what that way will be, but time will show."

Mr. Kemp said he had no direct reply to make to Mr. Sinclair's statement bringing his name into the case.

"The present is an unusual situation," Mr. Kemp continued, "and if the persons involved in it were of the usual sort there probably would be attacks and incriminations and recriminations. But we are not of that sort."

Divorce Papers Served on Wife.

Mr. Sinclair yesterday brought his suit against his wife. The papers were served on Mrs. Sinclair by counsel for the author, and named Harry Kemp as co-respondent. Mr. Sinclair had nothing to say about his suit beyond the statement that he was going to his home in Arden, Del., and would have nothing further to say about his marital difficulties now that the papers in the case had been served.

Upton Sinclair, Mrs. Sinclair and Harry Kemp met yesterday and discussed their matrimonial tangle. Mrs. Sinclair agreed to accept service in the divorce suit, and, it is said, will not contest. The conference took place in the public reception room of the Imperial Hotel, and the trio seemed well satisfied with themselves and each other. The promised fight between Sinclair and Kemp failed to materialize.

MUST VACCINATE ARMY MEN

Compulsory Order of Precaution Against Typhoid Fever Issued.

Washington, August 29.—Vaccination against typhoid fever was made compulsory yesterday for every officer and enlisted man in the United States army under 45 years of age. The only exceptions allowed by the war department's order are those who have had the disease or who have already been vaccinated.

WHAT ATWOOD SAYS OF FLIGHT

By Harry N. Atwood.

New York, August 26.—The flight from St. Louis to New York has been a great experience and one which, for the most part, I have thoroughly enjoyed. Naturally, I am glad that I have been able to make an American cross-country record that is also a world's record, but what pleases me most is that what I have been able to accomplish, in my opinion, seems to prove that our American continent can be crossed by aeroplane, from ocean to ocean, and that in doing so the aviator can land safely almost at will, provided, of course, he is careful and uses good judgment.

Until the part of my flight yesterday afternoon, there was no time during my entire journey that I did not have a plan to save my life if necessary. The moment when plans did not count was when I ascended from the fields near Nyack. Getting out of the pocket that I landed in yesterday was, to say the least, somewhat exciting. Kind friends there to the number of 25 lifted my machine over two fences into a field that made a better starting point than where I had landed. Then they cut down the trees in front of me and made a clear space between the trees just big enough for me to fly through. I really think that I touched the branches of the trees on both sides as I went into the air.

It was 1:53 p. m. when I left Nyack. The promoters did not think yesterday was a good day to come, but I did, and when they kicked I decided that my record for cross-country work and what prestige I may enjoy as an aviator were more to me than a few extra show dollars for somebody else.

Now, a word as to what I have won in order to set myself right. The only money I get out of the flight is the $10,000 offered by Mr. Victor J. Evans, of Washington, a check for which amount Mr. Evans handed me on my arrival here yesterday afternoon. Out of that $10,000 I have to pay the promoters with whom I contracted for 20 official stops en route $4,000 for allowing me to cancel the last 12 stops I was contracted to make. I wanted a record for cross-country flying and I wanted to be able to stop when I wanted to and to keep on going when I wanted to. Since leaving Lyons, therefore, the only reward I have had in mind was a new world mark for cross-country flight, and I am happy because the reward is realized.

CLYDE STEAMER MAY BE LOST

Apache Is on Way From Charleston to Jacksonville.

New York, August 29.—The office of the Clyde line today was unable to get direct word from the steamer Apache, which is reported in distress off the Georgia coast on her way to Jacksonville. The Apache, with 20 passengers, left Charleston, S. C., at 11 o'clock Sunday morning, and ran into the hurricane that part of the coast.

Monday morning at 3 o'clock the steamer reported by wireless to the office here that she was in no difficulty, This was the last message received from the steamer here.

The Apache was due at Jacksonville yesterday, but has not yet arrived. The report here today was that the steamer was sending S. O. S. messages and signalling that she was being driven ashore.

PRINCETON BARS THE LUBBER

College Requires Every Student to Be Able to Swim.

Princeton, N. J., August 29.—A new system of physical culture to be introduced at Princeton this fall will require every student in the university to pass various physical requirements, including ability to swim and give "first aid" in drowning, or be dropped from the roster.

KILL 2 RED CROSS MEMBERS

Ignorant Calabrians Furious at Sanitary Work.

Naples, August 29.—A dispatch from Cosenza, capital of Calabria, reports a serious condition of affairs at Verbicaro, in the northern part of that province.

The ignorant inhabitants have become furious against the sanitary work of the physicians and Red Cross nurses in trying to prevent the spread of cholera and have started rioting. They have become obsessed with the idea that the sanitary measures are intended to spread the disease.

The rioters have cut the telegraph and telephone lines, burned the city hall and killed two members of the Red Cross society.

TRIMBLE WINS EASIL

National G. A. R. Convention Endorses Gen. Sherwood's Pension Bill.

Rochester, N. Y., August 2... Judge Harvey M. Trimble, of Illino... was unanimously elected commande... in-chief of the Grand Army of the R... public at noon today, when Col. Jo... McElroy, of Washington, his oppone... ended a bitter contest by withdrawi... from the race. On motion of Colo... McElroy, the adjutant general cast o... vote for Judge Trimble.

On recommendation of the co... mittee on resolutions, the encam... ment indorsed the Sherwood pens... bill, which Democratic Leader Und... wood has promised congress will p... at the forthcoming session; but t... indorsement carries the proviso th... the bill be made to conform as close... as possible to the Sulloway bill, whi... was pigeon-holed in congress. T... Sherwood bill was favored by Jud... Trimble.

Col. Nicholas Day, of New Yo... city, was elected senior vice co... mander.

The election and installation of o... officers and the selection of Los A... geles, Cal., for the next encampme... will close the encampment.

GIRLS READY FOR LONG RI...

Iowans Who Went 160 Miles Horseback Will Return.

Carrollton, Mo., August 2... Helen Willard and Miss Bessie G... don, who arrived here Saturday a... ernoon after a 160 mile horseba... ride to attend a house party, said y... terday they would ride back to th... home at Fort Madison, Iowa. Th... say they encountered no unpleas... incidents on their trip. They stopp... at hotels on the way.

MRS. DOWIE WOULD HEAD ZI...

Chicago, August 25. — Mrs. J... Dowie, widow of the late John Al... ander Dowie, is to make an effort... gain the leadership in Zion City.

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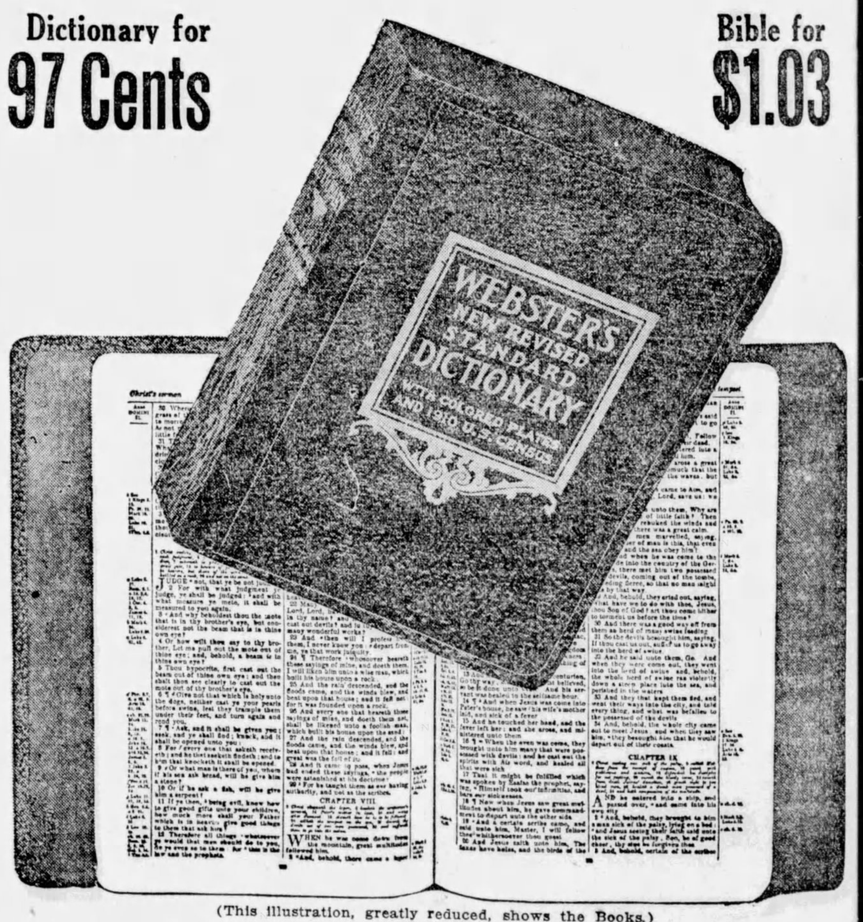

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